



No. 627.—VOL. XLIX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



A SPECIAL STUDY OF MR. LEWIS WALLER AS "KING HENRY V." AT THE IMPERIAL.

"O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts! Possess them not with fear!"

DRAWN, AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY F. ERNEST JACKSON.



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

London,
Sunday, Jan. 29.

THE late Professor Jowett—that very able gentleman—once observed, in the course of a lecture, that “we all make mistakes sometimes—even the youngest of us.” Mr. Beerbohm Tree must not be annoyed, therefore, with those newspaper-men who have ventured to report unfavourably on his revival of “Much Ado About Nothing.” Not, of course, that Mr. Tree is likely to take these unfavourable notices to heart. He will remind himself that the very people who have found fault with the over-elaboration of “Much Ado” were delighted with his beautiful revival of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” and went into ecstasies over his ideal presentation of “Twelfth Night.” Reasoning the matter out in the sweet solitude of his own study, he will recognise that, of all Shakspere’s comedies, “Much Ado About Nothing” lends itself least to pompous processions and heavy scenic effects. It is a very pretty idea, as everyone will admit, to show on the stage the passing of night and the dawn of day. The same thing was done with exquisite art in “Madame Butterfly.” In “Madame Butterfly,” however, this effect was absolutely necessary to the telling of the story. In “Much Ado” the same effect is not only unnecessary, but interrupts a story that ought to be told as quickly and lightly as possible.

The young dramatist, that despondent person, should acquire a new lease of courage by reason of the success of Mr. Alfred Sutro. Not so many months ago, Mr. Sutro’s name was still unknown to the majority of the playgoing public. Then he made a hit with “A Marriage Has Been Arranged—,” the clever duologue played by Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh. The immediate outcome of that success was the production at the Garrick Theatre of “The Walls of Jericho,” a serious play in four Acts which is still running and seems likely to run for some time. Other commissions followed, including the comedy that Mr. Alexander will produce quite shortly at the St. James’s Theatre, entitled “Mollentrave on Women.” In the meantime, Mr. Alexander has produced a play in one Act by Mr. Sutro called “A Maker of Men.” A very charming little piece it is, too, showing that the author of “The Walls of Jericho” can write as tenderly of the joys and sorrows of the humble as he has dealt mercilessly with the selfish indulgences of the sickly rich. Mr. Alfred Sutro, in short, has taken his place among that small, greatly envied band who are able to sell their plays before they write them, sit in the chief seats at feasts, are clothed in fur and fine linen, and fare sumptuously four times a day. And the joke of it is—at any rate, this is my suspicion—that, although the managers never fail to read every play sent in to them, and never fail to detect merit when merit is there to be detected, Mr. Sutro has been bombarding them with plays, just as good as those which have been recently produced with such success, for the last ten years.

To be perfectly honest, though, the outlook for the young dramatist is not very bright just at present. Not only Mr. Sutro, but all the rest of our successful dramatists made a start with plays in one Act. The curtain-raiser, in fact, was the one chance. Very well, then; how many plays in one Act may be seen at this moment in all the theatres in the West-End of London? Three. The other theatres prefer either to rely on the main attraction or to engage some “variety” turn such as a musical entertainer or a concert-party. This new departure, as every reasonable person will admit, is very hard on the aspiring dramatist. More than that, it is very hard on the dramatic art of this country, for that art cannot flourish unless new dramatists come forward. As things stand at present, the Haymarket and the St. James’s are the only two houses which consistently throw open their doors to the writer of plays in one Act.

Without any desire to kick a nation when it is down, I am fain to protest that I do not love the Russians. Once upon a time, when I was very impetuous, I spent thirty-six hours in St. Petersburg. My recollections of the city are decidedly unpleasant, and include a very large, very dreary, very uncomfortable, and very expensive hotel, an alarming difficulty in getting anything to eat, a feeling of intense home-sickness on each of the nine occasions when I lost my way, a nervous apprehension lest I should be suddenly arrested on a charge of looking miserable and sent off to Siberia, a damp, gloomy evening passed in a so-called place of entertainment vaguely resembling—quite vaguely, mind—Earl’s Court, and a terrifying difficulty in getting my passport signed in time to avoid the necessity of staying another night. One pleasant recollection I have of St. Petersburg, though, and that is a wild drive through the Nevsky Prospect at such a pace that, from sheer exhilaration, I really didn’t care a rouble whether we smashed into a droski or not. It was rather a pity, now that I come to think of that drive in the light of present events, that General Treppoff did not stroll across our path.

In my notes last week, I gave a list of questions contained in a Confession Book belonging to a young acquaintance of mine. In the carelessness of the moment, moreover, I undertook to record, this week, my answers to those questions. Well, I am not going to shirk the ordeal, but I will ask you to remember, friend the reader, that confessions of this kind must not be considered binding for ever and ever. One’s favourite book, for example, may easily be the book that one has just been reading, and one’s favourite hero in fiction will probably be the most heroic personage that one is able to think of at the moment. With this diplomatic introduction, then, I will proceed to lay bare, for your amusement, my inmost thoughts. In case you have sent your copy of last week’s *Sketch* to Canada, by the way, or torn out the front page in order to paste upon the wall of your sanctum the portrait of Miss Winifred Emery as Beatrice, I will repeat the questions. Imagine me, if you please, taking a long breath—

- (1) Your favourite virtue . . . Simplicity.
- (2) Vice you most dislike . . . Affectation.
- (3) Your favourite character in history . . . Charles I.
- (4) Your favourite motto . . . “Tis love that makes the world go round.”
- (5) Your favourite name for a lady . . . Joan.
- (6) Your favourite name for a gentleman . . . His surname.
- (7) Your favourite employment . . . Writing.
- (8) Your favourite amusement . . . Idling.
- (9) Your favourite flower . . . The primrose.
- (10) Your favourite colour . . . Green.
- (11) Your favourite book . . . Stevenson’s “Memories and Portraits.”
- (12) Your favourite song . . . “Mandalay” (Hedgcock’s setting).
- (13) Your favourite poet . . . Shakspere.
- (14) Country in which you would most like to live . . . England.
- (15) Your favourite language . . . English.
- (16) Your present state of mind . . . Agitated.
- (17) Your idea of perfect happiness . . . To be loved for myself alone.
- (18) Your idea of perfect misery . . . To be loved for any other reason.
- (19) Your favourite hero in fiction . . . Oakhurst, the gambler, in “The Outcasts of Poker Flat.”
- (20) Your favourite heroine in fiction . . . Rosalind.
- (21) Your favourite hero in real life . . . Myself (until I can afford a valet).
- (22) Your favourite heroine in real life . . . My mother.
- (23) Your greatest desire . . . To be happy.

Phew!

AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH CONSUL'S SUCCESSOR AT THE PALACE.



OUR ARTIST SPENDS A MORNING WITH COCO, "THE HUMAN-MIRACLE APE."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

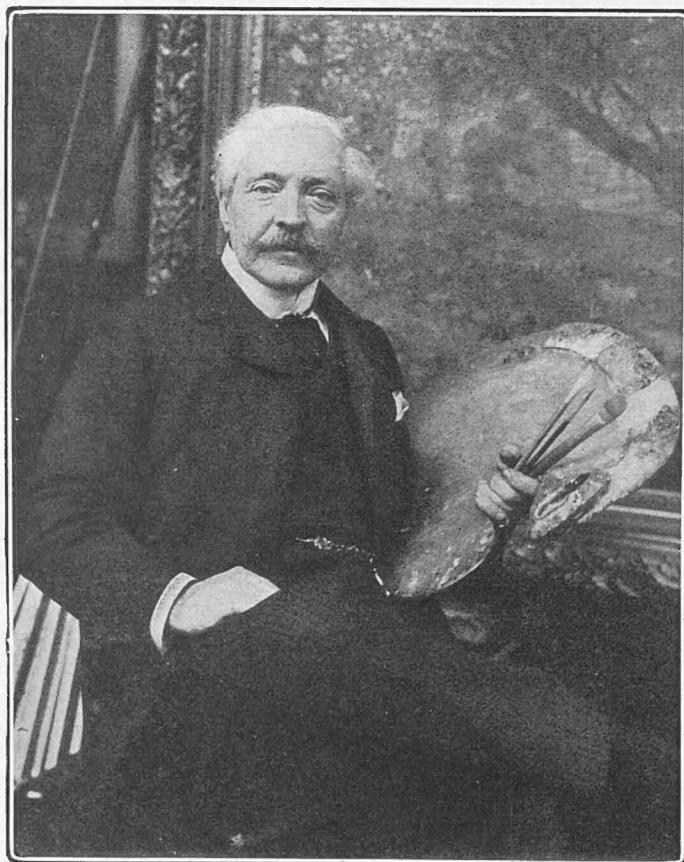
THE CLUBMAN.

From the Russian Point of View—The Chartist Movement in 1848.

TALKING across the dinner-table, a Russian this week made one good point in regard to the massacre in St. Petersburg. "I have seen," he said, "many comparisons made between the strike in St. Petersburg and the beginning of the French Revolution, and the Czar has been blamed for not meeting the people. Louis XVI. met his people and made surrender after surrender to them. Everyone knows what his fate was." Continuing, he said that all Russians were distressed at the necessity for the suppression of the strikes, and he deprecated the judgment pronounced in England and France without a knowledge of both sides of the case.

I fancy that had the official side of the case been a strong one we should have heard it at length before now. That all the official world in St. Petersburg knew of the impending strike could be easily proved, for a fortnight before it took place the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *New York Herald* telegraphed to his paper that he was told that the men of the Putiloff Works intended to go on strike, and on crossing the bridges would be joined by the students. He also wrote that he was told that certain august personages had been condemned to death by the terrorists. It is to be hoped that this information will not prove as accurate as the former. If a fortnight before the strike what was likely to happen was common conversation in official circles, there can be no doubt as to the callousness with which the officials let the workmen walk into a trap in order to teach them a lesson. I have little doubt that the typical Russian official felt no more pity for the ignorant, rough workman slaughtered in the square before the Winter Palace than he has for the wild-boar laid out after a battue in the forest.

If the Russian officials are criminally callous as to lives of brave, stupid fellows who go to death either in the streets or on the frozen plains by the Hun-ho, we, on the other hand, as a nation, have been sent into one of the hysterical fits which detract greatly from our dignity. A protest in the cause of humanity was quite right, but all this shrieking of "Murderer!" and "Assassin!"—this wealth of opprobrious adjectives flung at everybody in authority in Russia—is more worthy of a neurotic woman than the Press of a nation which prides itself on its strong common-sense. We should not forget what our fathers said and wrote and did in 1848, when the Chartists were



THE NEW R.A.: MR. DAVID MURRAY.

Mr. David Murray, the well-known landscape-painter who has just been elected R.A., is six-and-fifty, and was originally destined for a commercial career. He has been an A.R.A. since 1801.

Photograph by Reginald Haines.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

"MR. IRVING—£2 13s. 4d." : ACTORS' SALARIES IN OTHER DAYS.

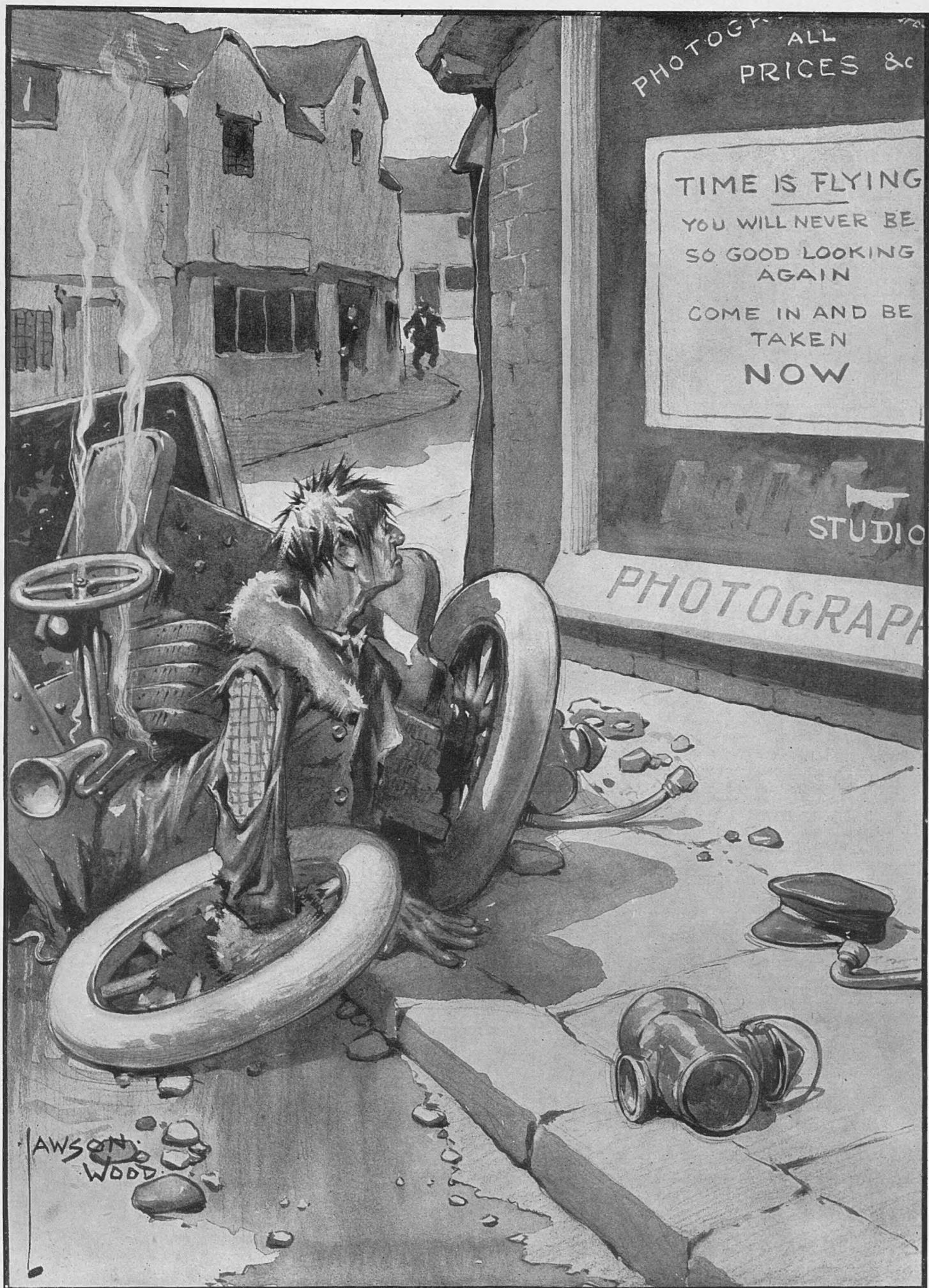
It will be seen from this old pay-list of the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, that at the end of 1867 Sir Henry Irving was in receipt of a weekly salary of £2 13s. 4d., Sir Charles Wyndham being credited with £3, Mr. Lionel Brough with £2 10s., Miss Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere) with £3, Miss Ellen Terry, who first met Sir Henry Irving at the Queen's, with £5, and Mr. J. L. Toole, lording it over all, with £10 10s. 8d. For convenience of space, we have cut away the bottom part of the list: on this is recorded the disbursement of £3 for Money Free List and Check-takers, £1 8s. for Hall-keeper, £1 15s. for Messenger, £1 5s. for Watchman, and £1 5s. for Mr. Wallerstein and Band.

marching on London to present their monster petition. They were denounced as a rabble, a hundred and fifty thousand special constables were sworn in, and the great Duke had made preparations to sweep the bridges, if necessary, with that "whiff of grape-shot" of which we have heard so much lately.

It is quite true that the Chartist were not allowed to walk into the Green Park and there be shot down by Indian troops, and that their monster petition did eventually arrive at the Houses of Parliament, conveyed there in a four-wheeler; but we are, as a nation, far too ready to play Judge, Jury, and prosecuting counsel to all our neighbours, only suggesting that someone other than ourselves should carry out our sentence. The hatred which recurs against us from time to time in all the countries of Europe is chiefly owing to the fact that we are always sitting on a magisterial bench doling out unctuous reproof and good advice to other nations.

The conduct of the Czar has been violently denounced, but it seems to me to be very much what might be expected from a ruler who is not a man of strong character and who has the impulses of a philanthropist joined to the obstinacy of a Calmuck. To find that a cannon has been loaded with grape-shot instead of blank cartridge, and has been discharged in your direction by your own Guards during a State ceremony, would shake the nerve of the most iron ruler, and, immediately after this, to face a rough mass-meeting which every official declared had been instigated by the Anarchists to further their aims would have been the act of a hero, a born leader of men. The Czar is not that. He is a ruler who, under happier circumstances, would have been hailed as a great benefactor. He is now likely to come to a violent death, with the disgrace of an unnecessary war and a preventable massacre tagged to his memory.

The officials of Moscow have never loved the English. It was at Moscow that the incident occurred—a story I have told before—of a Russian Colonel rising at a banquet at which English officers in uniform were present, and proposing a toast, “To h—ll with England,” a toast which a Grand Duke who was present drank with enthusiasm. There is at Moscow a curious survival of the days when Russia was regarded as an altogether barbarous country, the British factory established for trading purposes. The factory still exists, though most of its members are, I am told, quite Russianised in all but name. There are also several great British firms in Moscow, and, no doubt, the Chief of the Police thinks that, if any factories or warehouses are to be wrecked, it would be wise to direct the attention of the mob to those owned by Englishmen. Hence, possibly, the fact that the lying posters against this country have been left on the walls.



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Feb. 1, 1905.

Signature.....

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TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

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No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

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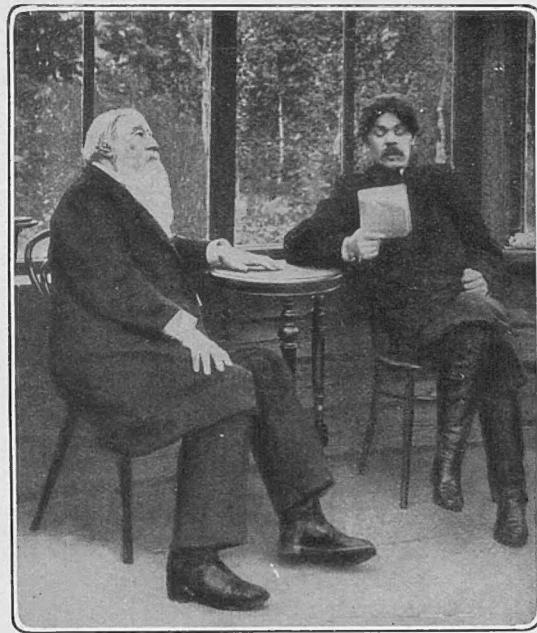
TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Forty-eight (from October 19, 1904, to January 11, 1905) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 108, Strand, London.



COLONEL DESINO, THE RUSSIAN PRESS CENSOR AT HARBIN.

and men of the Household Brigade who fell in the South African War. As its name signifies, the Household Brigade has a peculiarly close connection with the Royal Family; the officers are often intimate friends of the King and of the Heir-Apparent, and the faces of the non-commissioned officers and privates are familiar to those Princes and Princesses with whom they are so often brought in contact. These facts gave an added and an intimate pathos to last Saturday's function.



Maxim Gorky.
THE NOVELIST-REVOLUTIONIST, MAXIM GORKY,
SAID TO HAVE BEEN ARRESTED.

Mayo some nineteen years ago, and she shares his love of sport—indeed, there is no better lady ride-to-hounds in Ireland.

Maxim Gorky, who is variously reported to have been arrested and incarcerated in the famous fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, which is almost opposite General Treppoff's new headquarters, the Winter Palace, and to have escaped to Riga, may be said to be a natural leader of the working-men of his country. Not only has he the fullest knowledge of the conditions

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

OUR SOVEREIGN is ever ready to take part in those public functions which mark the closeness of the tie between the Throne and the people, and this was shown in a touching manner last Saturday (28th), when His Majesty unveiled the memorial erected in Holy Trinity, Windsor, in honour of the officers, non-commissioned officers,

under which the Russian of the lower orders lives, but he has that knowledge first-hand, was, indeed, one of the class of which he is so vigorous a supporter. He has himself recorded his life-story: on his own showing, he has been apprentice to a shoemaker and to a draughtsman, kitchen-boy on a packet-boat, assistant to a baker, a chorister in a travelling Opera Company, a vendor of apples, a would-be suicide, copying-clerk to a lawyer, and a railway employé. All this, of course, before he turned novelist and dramatist and sought to depict in fiction and on the stage the conditions of existence he knew so well, but after he had made a tour of Russia on foot. His first



Photo. Maull and Fox.]
EARL OF MAYO.

Lord Mayo will be invested as a Knight of St. Patrick on Friday next.



[Photo. Lafayette, Bond Street.
COUNTESS OF MAYO.

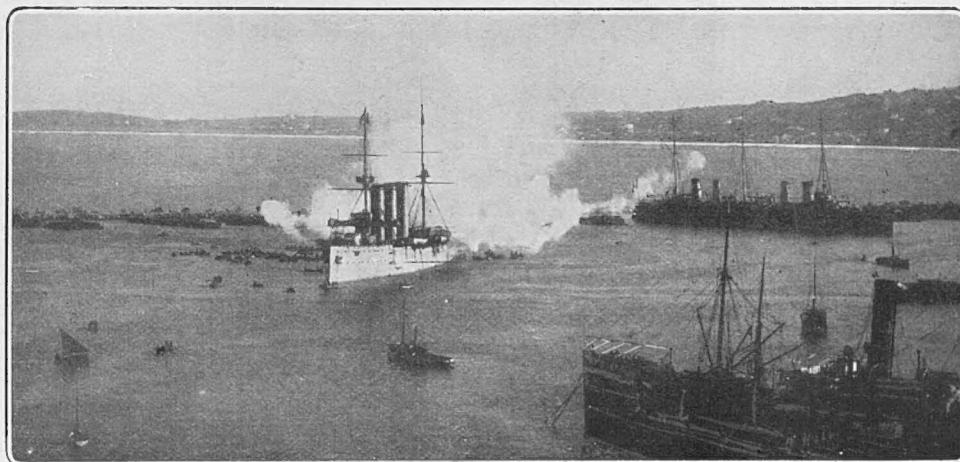
story was published some thirteen years ago, and there can be little doubt that his writings, in company with those of the others of his

ultra-realistic school, have done much to change the feeling and spirit of the people. His wife, whose thrice-repeated statement that she was dying is said to have taken him from St. Petersburg, is Madame Andreeva, the well-known actress.

The Prince of Wales's visit to Ireland is proving as successful and as brilliant as even the most optimistic of His Royal Highness's friends and servants could desire. Dublin is keeping up her traditional spirit of



THE HOSTESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ASHFORD: LADY ARDILAUN.
Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT ALGIERS: THE "ESSEX" EXCHANGING SALUTES WITH THE "GUICHEN" AND THE TORPEDO-BOATS OF THE MOBILE DEFENCE.

Photograph by Leroux.

hospitality, and to-day (Feb. 1) the Prince is expected to be present at the Royal ball given in the hall of the Royal Hospital, Dublin, by Lord and Lady Grenfell. Many historic entertainments have been given in the great hall of the building which an Irishman once aptly described as "the Invalides of Ireland," and which owes its being, as does Chelsea Hospital, to Nell Gwynn. It is thought that, before leaving Ireland, the Prince will pay a visit to Mount Stewart, the splendid place belonging to Lord and Lady Londonderry.

Lady Ethel Keith-Falconer. A marriage of great interest to Scotch Society is that of Lady Ethel Keith-Falconer, Lord Kintore's eldest daughter, to Mr. Baird of Urie. Through her mother, the bride-elect is closely related to the young Duke of Manchester. She is pretty and accomplished, and has been for some years very popular in Society. Lady Ethel's brother, Lord Falconer, is a great *parti*.

The Much-Engaged (by Rumour) Marconi. The best-known exponent of Wireless Telegraphy has been, during the last week, the hero of as awkward an adventure as can befall a man. Rumour engaged him to a lovely Roman Princess on the eve of the news of his real engagement, that to Lord Inchiquin's youngest sister, becoming public! The popular young scientist has been much in England of late; his mother is an Irishwoman, and he is very proud of the fact. Miss O'Brien, his pretty *fiancée*, is one of five fair sisters. The marriage of Signor Marconi and Miss Beatrice O'Brien will be one of the great social events of the early spring and will take place in London.



SIGNOR MARCONI, ENGAGED TO
MISS O'BRIEN.
Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

so high in Scotland as in England, but living is cheaper than in London Society, and, naturally, a place on the Bench is the ambition of most of the Scottish advocates. Lord Kinross, who was well known in the House of Commons as Mr. J. B. Balfour, and who had been a popular Lord Advocate in several of Mr. Gladstone's Governments, was appointed Lord President by his political opponents on account of his unique position at the Bar. He was a man of the most amiable temperament and of benign, dignified manners.

Lady Magheramorne. Widows of Peers often choose commoners for their second husbands, and this has been the case with Lady Magheramorne, one of Lord Shaftesbury's pretty sisters, for her *fiancé* is Mr. Hugo Baring, the youngest brother of Lord Revelstoke. Lady Magheramorne has lived in Paris since her widowhood, but after her marriage she and Mr. Baring are said to be going to Washington. The wedding will take place in London, as did that of the bridegroom's elder brother, Colonel Everard Baring, to Lady Ulrica Duncombe.

"L'Ordre pour le Mérite." If the Kaiser had not been in such a hurry, he would probably have hesitated to confer the "Ordre pour le Mérite" on General Stoessel, for the decoration is one which is very seldom conferred, and then only for the most distinguished service. There are but eight German officers who wear it, and they are Field-Marshal Count von Haseler, General von Werder, and Prince Albert of Prussia, all of whom were decorated during the Franco-Prussian War; five officers won it

in China, namely, Captain Lans, who commanded the corvette *Hlis*; Captain von Thedom, who took part in Admiral Seymour's march; Lieutenant Count Soden, who defended the Pekin Embassy; Major von Foester; and Captain Kremkow. The only Russians who have hitherto possessed it are those Grand Dukes who took an active part in the Russo-Turkish War.



LADY ETHEL KEITH-FALCONER, TO BE MARRIED
TO MR. BAIRD OF URIE ON THE 16TH.
Photograph by Langfier.

The Scotch Bench. The Government are enjoying at present a good deal of Judicial patronage in Scotland. Two of the Judges of the Court of Session recently resigned, and last week the highest post became vacant by the death of Lord Kinross, the Lord President. Salaries are not

recipient will need special apparatus, and there must always be a certain percentage of the plates broken in the post, at least in England.

Servian Stamps. The series of Servian stamps on which some imaginative persons fancied they saw the head of the murdered King Alexander beside those of Karageorge and Peter Karageorgevitch, was only a commemorative issue, and King Peter will shortly publish his first set of ordinary stamps. The new series has been designed and engraved in France by Paulin Tasset, and will be the first upon which King Peter's head appears alone on a stamp.



LADY MAGHERAMORNE, ENGAGED TO
MR. HUGO BARING.
Photograph by Fellows Willson.

The "Talking Postcard." The illustrated post-card is threatened with a formidable rival in its own house. This is the "talking postcard," which has been invented by a Viennese, and consists of a thin gramophone-plate fastened to the card. The sender records his message on this, and the recipient removes the plate, puts it into a little gramophone specially made for these records, and hears the voice of his friend speaking to him. The inventor claims that the material of which the plates are made is strong enough to stand passage through the post, and he holds that it will be just the thing for engaged couples or for people who wish to insult one another by post. The new postcard will always be a luxury, for both the sender and the



MISS BEATRICE O'BRIEN, ENGAGED TO
SIGNOR MARCONI.
Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Czarevitch III. Never was truer saying than "Misfortunes seldom come singly." Rumour now has it that, to crown Imperial Russia's troubles, the little Czarevitch, whose birth was so eagerly anticipated, is lying seriously ill with pneumonia, and that two trained English nurses have been sent from London. It is further said that he is a weak infant, a sufferer from a constitutional malady that calls for the greatest care.

Bowdlerising an Opera. French Theatrical and Operatic Companies visit Alsace-Lorraine, but they have to be very careful what they play, for the German police keep a sharp eye on them to see that they do not act anything which will be bad for the people of the annexed provinces. The other day, a French troupe went to Metz, and acted Donizetti's "Fille du Régiment." This was a ticklish affair, and the police deeply considered the matter. Finally, they allowed the French uniforms to pass, because they were out of date, but they came down upon the phrase "Salut à la France," which the singers had to alter to "Salut à la Gloire." These precautions, however, were of very little good, for the audience seized the opportunity to cheer the French soldiers, and, in spite of the word "France" being cut out, to make a demonstration.

Royal Confessions. Even Kings, it seems, are subject to the lover of "albums," when that lover is of their own rank. The Queen of Greece, we are told by *Chic*, is the possessor of a volume holding the "confessions" of almost every crowned head. Our own King is credited with the statement that the type of person he considers the most objectionable is "the man who insists on pointing at you with his umbrella and shouting 'There he is!'" The King of Greece's idea of happiness, on the same authority, is "To always have a sovereign without a crown"; the King of Sweden is prosaic—and human—enough to confess his notion of complete unhappiness to be "tight boots, a corn, and a heavy foot on top of it."

Rider Haggard, Agriculturist. Mr. Rider Haggard's well-known interest in questions of social development has received ample tribute at the hands of the Colonial Secretary, who has chosen the celebrated novelist as Commissioner to the United States to inquire into and report upon the conditions and character of the agricultural and industrial settlements formed by the Salvation Army for the reception of

country and to the peoples of other nations, had for years been a worker amongst the people, awed and appalled by their state and seeking to alleviate it. By birth, according to the *Times*, he is a Ruthenian—one of those descendants of converts from the Russian Church, who have kept their old rites and discipline, and profess obedience to the Pope—and five-and-thirty years of age. Again, according to the *Capitan Fracassa* his grandfather was an Italian officer, one Aldred Gabboni, who followed the first Napoléon to Russia and settled there as a farmer. "Be a priest," his father is said to



THE DRAWING-ROOM,

Showing the late Mr. Robert Brough's picture of Mr. Alexander in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

immigrants from the cities of America. Incidentally, also, the Government's action must be taken as a recognition of and as a compliment to the enterprise of the army of militant Christians which calls General Booth its chief, for unless its work were deemed of value it would not have been judged worthy of inspection, either by Mr. Lyttelton or by the Rhodes Trustees, who are finding the necessary funds for the carrying-out of the enterprise. With the problem of the unemployed ever before us, and looming larger and larger on the political horizon, it is to be hoped that Mr. Rider Haggard will find the "Army's" scheme worthy of official imitation.



THE CHIEF BEDROOM.



MRS. BASCHE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

Two Beautiful Sisters. Mrs. Basche and Mrs. Colle, who are sisters, are well known in Society. The statement, made not long ago, when we published other beautiful photographs of the ladies, that they are to appear on the stage is incorrect. Neither of them is in the least likely to exchange the delights of social life for those of the life behind the footlights, now or in the future.

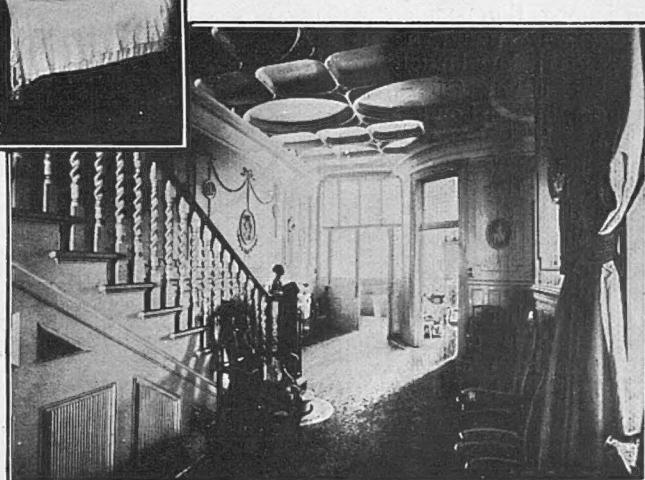
Father Gapon. That most romantic figure of the Russian revolutionary movement, Father George Gapon, however obscure he may have been to the autocrats of his



MRS. COLLE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

have counselled him, "but don't forget to be a man. Love the outcasts and the oppressed, and remember that the only religion worth living and dying for is justice." Surely, never has child better followed the precepts of a parent, for no sooner had he left a theological seminary in the Government of Poltava for the similar institution in St. Petersburg than



THE HALL.

AN ACTOR'S HOME: MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S HOUSE,
57, PONT STREET, BELGRAVE SQUARE.

he began the life-work that led him to the foundation of the Workmen's Union, to teaching and labouring amongst the poor, and, finally, to the daring and magnificent exploit that will write his name indelibly upon the pages of history.

An M.P. Honoured by the Sultan of Turkey.

The Sultan of Turkey's decision to decorate Mr. W. W. Rutherford, M.P., with the Silver Star and Crescent of the Imperial Order of the Medjidieh, in recognition of the impartial manner in which he presided, when Lord Mayor of Liverpool, over a meeting convened to denounce Turkish atrocities in the Balkans, seems just a little Gilbertian, but it is, nevertheless, perhaps because of this, decidedly interesting. Nor is picturesqueness absent, for the official who has received the orders to confer the honour combines the somewhat prosaic duties of a solicitor in Liverpool with those of Sheik-ul-Islam of the British Isles, High Priest of the Mussulmans in this country. This gentleman, Mr. Quilliam, or, to give him his full style, Sheik Abdullah Quilliam Effendi, recently had a private audience with the Sultan and his Ministers at Constantinople, and, doubtless, it was then that the matter was arranged.



THE WIFE OF THE CREATOR OF "VLADIMIR'S DAY": THE GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR.

Photograph by Otto.

Two Imperial Personalities. The Dowager Empress of Russia has proved herself possessed of the fine courage so often shown by the Danish Royal Family, for on the first and most critical day of the St. Petersburg outbreak she drove up and down among the people, by whom, it should be added, she is beloved much as is her sister, Queen Alexandra, by the London workers. Her Imperial Majesty has always devoted much of her time to the poor and unfortunate—indeed, since her widowhood she has done little else, and she is passionately fond of her adopted country. It is easy to realise the keen anxiety which must still be felt by

Queen Alexandra and by all those of the Dowager Empress's relations to whom she is so dear; for, as yet, she shows no intention of leaving Russia for a safer clime. The Grand Duchess Vladimir, whose husband is credited with having given the orders which led to so much bloodshed last week, is a German Princess. She is regarded, in a social sense, as the leader of Russian Society, and is famed for the splendour of her entertainments. Her Imperial Highness, accompanied by the Grand Duke, paid a visit to this country some months ago, but only stayed here a week.

Three Fair Russians.

At the present moment everything connected with Russia and Russian Society excites a painful interest. It is thought in some quarters that the Czarina and her little children may ultimately pay a long visit to this country. Of the four Grand Duchesses, who are, it should be remembered, doubly related to our King and Queen, the prettiest is the second, Princess Tatiana, whose love of horses and outdoor life recalls her British grandmother, the late Princess Alice. In the London world, Countess Tolstoi, the Russian wife of Mr. Philip Stanhope,



A COURAGEOUS RUSSIAN ROYALTY: THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Photograph by Paselli.



A LITTLE GRAND DUCHESS: TATIANA, SECOND DAUGHTER OF "CZAR LOUIS XVI."

Photograph by Avanzo.

is much admired, and her great social tact has proved of distinct value to the Party of which her husband is a distinguished member. This lady has lived so long in England that she has become very British in sympathy, while retaining a warm love for Russia. Among the literary and artistic coterie which forms so distinct a circle in St. Petersburg Society, Baroness Rodoshefsky is enthroned as queen. She lately translated "Salome" from the English.

The New Ruler of St. Petersburg. General Trepoff, to whom the city and government of St. Petersburg has been entrusted by Czar Louis XVI—as Mr. Swinburne, apparently with justice, will have the Autocrat of All the Russias—is not likely to find his new office a sinecure, but he is more than likely to find it a position after his own heart, if he may be judged by the high-handed conduct that has long made him notorious. As Chief of Police at Moscow, his name was linked to martial law of the most rigorous kind, and the fact that his life has been attempted on several occasions—quite recently, indeed—is less remarkable than that he should have escaped the vengeance that he has, seemingly, so richly earned.



A LEADER OF RUSSIAN SOCIETY IN LONDON: COUNTESS TOLSTOI, WIFE OF MR. P. STANHOPE.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

The new powers with which he has been invested make him, to all intents and purposes, the ruler of the Russian capital, and it is to be expected that the Winter Palace, where he has taken up his quarters, will be the centre of those "energetic measures to restore order within a short time" for which the Grand Duke Vladimir prophesies success. That these measures, whatever they may turn out to be, will receive the sanction of the "Little Father," should that "Little Father" live to sanction anything, goes almost without saying, since the General's appointment synchronised with Imperial commendation of his "distinguished and zealous services" at Moscow.



LITERARY ST. PETERSBURG: BARONESS RODOSHEFSKY, TRANSLATOR OF "SALOME."

Photograph by Paselli.

PLAYERS OF A TROUBLED COUNTRY: SOME BEAUTIES OF THE RUSSIAN STAGE.



1. Mlle. SUSANNE MUNTE, OF THE THEATRE MICHEL.
2. PRINCESS YAVOSKAIA, AS "L'AIGLON" IN HER OWN THEATRE.
3. Mlle. KOMISSARYEVSKAIA.
4. MADAME FIGNER, IN "CARMEN" AT THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN OPERA.
5. Mlle. BALLETAIN IN RUSSIAN DRESS.
6. Mlle. KSHESINSKY, OF THE IMPERIAL BALLET.
7. Mlle. SAIRNA, OF THE THEATRE ALEXANDER.
8. MADAME VERA MITCHURINA.



In view of the recent production of "The Chosen People," fresh interest attaches to the personnel of the Russian stage. The Russian actress has a liking for the sombre in the drama, and no less than five of the ladies depicted on this page have played Katusha in "Resurrection."

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I HAVE no wish to deal with the conditions prevailing in Russia just now, though for the past few days my morning paper has had more than enough to say about them. But I cannot help referring to certain notes in the issue of the *Review of Reviews* published a few days before the strikes began and dated Jan. 2. "So much nonsense is written about the Russians," writes the able Editor, "that it is well now and then to be reminded by sane and sober travellers what kind of men they are, these brothers of ours, whom so many of our papers so malignantly libel." Thereafter Mr. Stead quotes Moncure D. Conway, who found in St. Petersburg, "instead of an oppressed people, a people enjoying a personal liberty unknown either in England or America—no Sabbatarian laws, no

Duke Alexis is very much like his late brother, the Czar. All the Grand Dukes seem to live in regal state, and of certain of them Paris is quite full of stories that would, I fear, be deemed out of place on this page. There is no doubt but that their Imperial nephew stands very much in awe of them, and that they have the courage of their convictions.

Nerves and the Admiralty.

The curiously highly-strung state of Europe's nerves is clearly demonstrated by our Admiralty's advance note about the Naval Manoeuvres. In the summer of this year and next all our fleets are to be exercised together. The Channel, Atlantic, and Mediterranean Fleets, with



THE SKATER: *What an awful time the ice-man takes to bring a ladder!*

THE BOY: *Why, 'e ain't comin' at all, Guv'nor; it's 'is early-closin' day, an' 'e's gone 'ome.*

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.

restrictions on freedom of speech, no limitations on any conduct not criminal." And so on. It is true that Mr. Conway's visit was paid in '09, before Nihilism was born; but if Mr. Stead quotes the author on Jan. 2 to illustrate the state of Russia, I may be pardoned for quoting him on Feb. 1. What a difference one short month makes to the value of a man's opinions!

Some Grand Dukes. In these days, there is more interest taken in the personality of the Russian Grand Dukes, uncles of the Czar, than in the "Little Father" himself. I have seen several of these highly distinguished gentlemen at various times, generally on the Riviera. Perhaps Cannes is the place they favour most, though they are to be seen in Nice and Monte Carlo upon occasion. I have seen, also, at least two of them in Paris, where they did not seem to be greatly immersed in the cares of State. They are all rather distinguished-looking men, even without their uniform, and when they are in State-dress and covered with the high and glittering Orders that have been conferred upon them for their valiant services in the salons of St. Petersburg they must look very imposing.

their respective Cruiser Squadrons, will be in touch with the Particular Service Squadron that may be met off the east coast of Canada, with the Cape, East India, China, and Australian Squadrons. In fact, all our sea-power will be doing combined work for the purpose of testing the plans that have been made against times of stress and storm. This collective mobilisation seems reasonable enough, and could not possibly be construed as a menace to the world's peace by any sober-minded people; but, realising how the mere mention of the British Fleet promotes hysterics among certain people who may be nameless, the Admiralty gives notice, months in advance, of its summer-season intentions, just as Mr. Winkle announced that he was "going to begin" when Mr. Pickwick was arrested on suspicion of meditating a duel. This step shall be accounted to My Lords for wisdom, but I would wager one of my hard-earned sovereigns that it does not prevent the appearance of scare head-lines and sensational articles in their due season. How can panic-mongers be expected to remember in July a warning that dates from the beginning of the year? They can't remember clearly what happened the day before yesterday.

A HOSTESS DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.



LADY GRENFELL, WHO GIVES A BALL AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN, TO-NIGHT.

Lady Grenfell is the second wife of Lord Grenfell, and was the Hon. Margaret Aline, only daughter of the late Lewis A. Majendie, of Hedingham Castle, Essex. The Royal Hospital, Dublin, in the beautiful old Hall of which Lady Grenfell is giving her ball, is the official residence of her husband, who is commanding the Forces in Ireland.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(“*Monocte.*”)

“MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING” AND “HENRY V.”

AS regards the “Much Ado About Nothing.” There seem signs of a reaction against elaboration in mounting—elaboration, not splendour. Mr. Tree, at His Majesty’s, presents a merry play, a mixture of comedy with an unconvincing melodrama, and, instead of hustling it along, takes it at snail-pace. The comedy, it may be hinted, cannot stand this. It is rank heresy, almost a capital offence, to say so, but on the stage the encounters of wit between Beatrice and Benedick are not very witty encounters: the lady has a sharp tongue without a very fine point; the man’s humour has more of the bludgeon than the rapier. Claudio’s conduct in distrusting so easily and acting with such brutality is only to be explained by his being of a base nature incurable, and promises a catastrophe for Hero in her marriage. If wise, she would abandon him at the church-door—after the ceremony. Dogberry and Verges do not by any means represent Shakspere’s best low-comedy. It is not well that we should have a series of rather long intervals in which to think of such matters. The play should carry us with something like a rush and a whirl, and to gain this one would gladly sacrifice some of the charming scenery. There is rather too much gilding on the refined gold—or the pill. As a result, some people, at least, were chilled—a statement immediately to be qualified by the counter-statement that there was a prodigious amount of applause at the end. There is no need to use such phrases concerning the production as “variety entertainment,” “Empire ballet,” and the like. Mr. Tree is entitled to the credit of being sincere in his desire to mount Shakspere respectfully as well as attractively. Experience has shown managers that there is a great risk in presenting his plays simply, and the fact that Mr. Tree is indisposed to run the risk is not surprising or discreditable. It must be remembered that in several cases, notably the “Julius Cæsar,” he has shown extraordinary skill and judgment. The present instance suggests to me an error of tactics by no means irremediable, and the fact that much of the mounting is beautiful ought to be taken into account.

The so-called “Empire ballet” of the first Act is quite short and congruous, I believe, with the author’s ideas, though I think that the dresses are painful in colour, in which they differ from most of the costumes in the play, which are of unusual beauty. The intermezzo, with bird-calls, cock-crow, &c., seems an error. Mr. Roze’s music is pretty, but too great a strain was put on the audience, for they felt that it was wrong to talk during this music—and coughed instead. In consequence of this, the first Act lasted rather more than an hour and a half, with but two brief pauses towards the beginning. A brief interval, not even so long as the intermezzo, would produce the effect of the passage of time and lessen the chance of tiring the audience. The comparatively new scene which passes in Hero’s bedroom takes time without aiding the play. There is far too much preliminary business in the church. One understands that, after a big expenditure upon a cathedral interior, with, to be just, the result of producing a superb picture, the manager is anxious to let the house have plenty of time to study and admire. It has been the

fashion to treat this interior as the scenery *clou* of a production, as the Transformation Scene in a pantomime, and, though there is no wilful irreverence in this, it is not inoffensive to some; and certainly it was not in the author’s ideas, as appears plainly enough from the way in which the scene begins. I fancy there are hardly two opinions as to the unwisdom of the interval before the love-scene that follows the flouting of Hero: the wooing of Beatrice is too short for weight unless forming part of the preceding scene. It appears to me that the true policy of the manager who wishes to make

the plays live is to have a minimum number of scenes, unless he is content with the plain front-scenes that cause no waste of time and have been relied upon in many a famous and successful production.

What about the acting? A charming Hero and effective Claudio in Miss Miriam Clements and Mr. Basil Gill; a capital Don John and taking Don Pedro, presented by Mr. Laurence Irving and Mr. Sydney Brough; a Dogberry and Verges in Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Louis Calvert who get all the humour out of the characters; and a very human Leonato and impressive Friar played by Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. W. Haviland. Of course, however, Benedick and Beatrice are the parts, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Miss Winifred Emery were not at their best. It is a violent transition from Caliban to Benedick; there may be some limits to Mr. Tree’s great versatility. He seemed to be somewhat uncertain as to his idea of the part; there were suggestions of two or three different concepts of it; a clever bit in one style was followed by a clever bit in another, and, for once,

he did not seem to fill the stage. Probably by now he has a firm grasp of it—I can only speak of the first-night—and his great powers as a comedian are asserting themselves successfully. Miss Winifred Emery—what a reception she had!—of course, was charming and ingenious, but appeared hardly to realise the size of the stage and house, with the result that Lady Disdain was not half as formidably humorous as she is painted.

The revival of “Henry V.” is a great personal triumph for Mr. Lewis Waller, the best representative of Shakspere’s pet hero that we know, or even, perhaps, can imagine. Thanks to his brilliant work, the support of an excellent Company, and a capital mounting, the famous Jingo drama acts most catchingly at the Imperial. He has the help

of Mr. Mollison, who was with Mr. Waller when the piece was produced at the Lyceum and made a “hit” in the part of Pistol. Miss Mary Rorke is most agreeably impressive as the Chorus, and Miss Sarah Brooke is charming in the character of the French Princess. The difficult part of Fluellen found in Mr. A. E. George an actor with an adequate and unexaggerated humour. Mr. Norman McKinnel was decidedly effective in the character of Williams, the bluff soldier, and Mr. John Beauchamp, who doubled the Archbishop and Charles VI., played the latter cleverly. The production shows a great deal of judgment, so that the play, if not rich in dramatic interest, seems full of life and movement.



[Photo. Robertson.]
CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL,
Whose new farce, “The Lady of Leeds,” is to
be produced at Wyndham’s on the 6th.



[Photo. Thomas.]
MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY,
Whose farcical comedy, “The Diplomatist,” will
be produced at the Royalty on the 11th.



[Photo. Russell.]
MR. R. C. CARTON,
Whose farce, “Mr. Hopkinson,” will be given
at the Avenue during the month.

PLAYWRIGHTS OF THE HOUR: THE AUTHORS OF FORTHCOMING PRODUCTIONS.

THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.



III.—THE RAG-TIME SPECIALIST AND HER PICCANINNY.

"GIVE IT AN UNDERSTANDING, BUT NO TONGUE."—"HAMLET," *Act I., Scene 2.*

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—II.



Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.

X.

"BULL-DOG.—GRAND-HEADED, BLACK-AND-WHITE BULL-DOG—FIFTEEN MONTHS, CHAMPION PEDIGREE. £3; OR WOULD EXCHANGE FOR NEW OVERCOAT—"

DANCING DOLLS AND OTHERS AT THE EMPIRE.



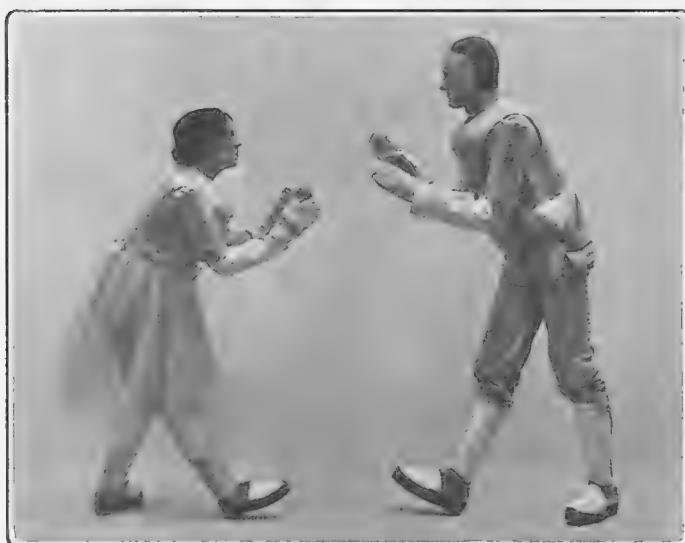
PUNCHINELLO (M. P. SUNDBERG).



TWO DOLLS FROM THE DUTCH SCENE.



NOELINE (MISS JANETTA MICHAELS).



THE DUTCH DOLLS (MISS E. CLERC AND MR. W. VOKES) INDULGE IN AN ECCENTRIC DANCE.



PROFESSOR MARVEL (SIGNOR AMEDEO SANTINI) AND HIS DAUGHTER, BERTHA (MISS E. BADHAM).



A DUTCH DOLL.



PROFESSOR MARVEL AND HIS DAUGHTER.



A DUTCH DOLL.

CHARACTERS IN THE NEW BALLET.

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

THE DICKENS' CHARACTERS BALL AT THE EMPRESS ROOMS.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



THE THIN MR. PICKWICK (BENEVOLENTLY): WELL, NOW, I SUPPOSE YOU REPRESENT THE FAT BOY IN "PICKWICK"?

THE STOUT MR. PICKWICK (WITH SOME HEAT): WRONG, SIR; GUESS AGAIN, MR. SAM WELLER!

"The most popular character, so far, is the Fat Boy from 'Pickwick.' There are at least half-a-dozen Mrs. Gamps, several Sam Wellers and Dolly Vardens."—[EXTRACT FROM A PRELIMINARY NOTICE OF THE BALL.]

"WHEN WINTER FROSTS CONSTRAIN THE FIELD WITH COLD."



THE AMERICAN FALL, NIAGARA, IN WINTER.



THE LARGEST ICE-MOUNTAIN EVER SEEN AT NIAGARA.



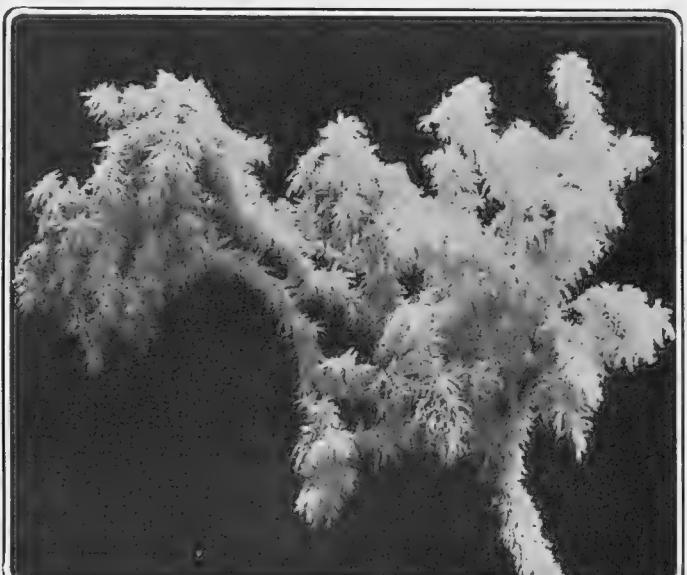
SILVERED BY THE FROST.



A TRUE WINTER-GARDEN.



FROSTED BROOM.



A FROSTED ROSE-TREE.

Two photographs by O. E. Dunlap, Niagara Falls; four by the Topical Press Agency.

MRS. LANGTRY IN HER MOURNING-GOWN IN "MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE."



MRS. DERING WEARS BLACK FOR THE HUSBAND SHE HAS DIVORCED.

The spendthrift Captain and Mrs. Dering, who are at the end of their resources—waterless and gasless, with a man in possession of their home, and with but a single servant, a kitchen-maid who cooks nervous dinners—decide to be divorced. This is, accordingly, arranged, but Mrs. Dering is still fond of her husband, despite the many differences between them, wears mourning for him, and denies herself many gaieties. Eventually, as Captain Dering also still loves her, matters are set right, and the pair once more set up housekeeping together.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

NOT many years ago, Mr. Joseph Jacobs was one of the most familiar figures in London literary circles. He was a special friend of the late Mr. Norman Maccoll, of the *Athenaeum*, and contributed many important articles to that paper, some of which have been collected in book form. Mr. Jacobs is now in New York, engaged upon the great Jewish Encyclopædia, but he has not altogether deserted the old, familiar paths, and he has written an article on the recent biography of Theodore Watts-Dunton by Mr. James Douglas. Mr. Douglas maintains that Mr. Watts-Dunton is greatest as a poet, next greatest as a novelist, while his criticism, though very important, is subordinate to his other achievements. Mr. Jacobs, on the other hand, is of opinion that Mr. Watts-Dunton is not a great poet. "He is somewhat mannered, he is at times reminiscent, and, above all, he has rarely the individual note. There is scarcely a line of his of which one could say, 'Watts-Dunton and Watts-Dunton alone had written thus and so.'" Nor will Mr. Jacobs consent to put "Aylwin" in the first rank. "Here, again, no one can deny the very high qualities of this romance, but equally, if one is to remain true to one's literary

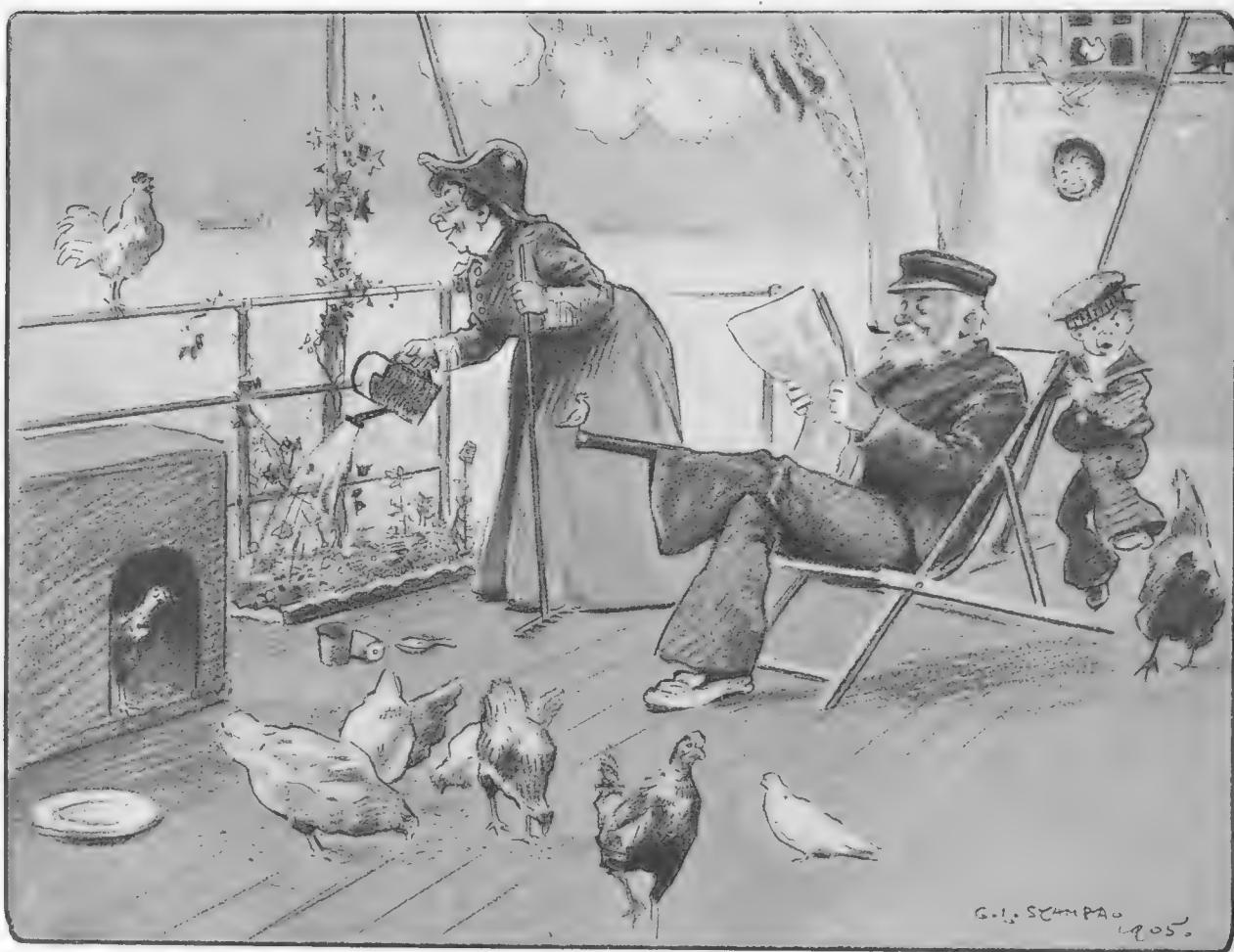
whimsicality. It is as the originator of "The Purple Cow" that Mr. Burgess is still best known.

The ethical tone of Dolf Wyllarde's novels has been criticised in America, but the novelist has found a defender who declares that her three books are all written with a purpose, which is to bring into evidence or to show up the immoralities and frivolities of the English men and women in Africa and India. These novels were not written for the American woman to read. From the moral point of view, she does not need them. She has not the temperament of the European; she can stand alone and take care of herself. "No one, unless he has taken those long ocean voyages as I have done, can know how good a picture the life on board of Captain Amyas's boat is."

Now that Lord Beaconsfield's fiction is having a new vogue, it may be worth while to register some of the probable originals of his characters. The identifications have the sanction of the late Lord Rowton, Beaconsfield's private secretary and confidential adviser. The

Countess of Blessington is Lady Doubtful in "Vivian Grey"; Monsignor Capel is Catesby in "Lothair"; Sir William Harcourt is Hortensius in "Endymion"; Bismarck is Prince Terrible in "Endymion"; Gladstone, who figures in the *Times* novel, was done much earlier as Oswald Milbank in "Coningsby"; Bishop Wilberforce is the Bishop in "Lothair"; Byron is Lord Cadurcis in "Venetia"; Charles Dickens is Mr. Gushy in "Endymion"; and Lord Granville is Lord Rawchester in the same novel.

Mr. Joseph Conrad has written a critical essay on the work of Henry James, which he places on a very lofty eminence indeed. "His books stand on my shelves in a place whose accessibility proclaims the habit of frequent communion." Mr. Conrad goes on to complain that there is no uniform edition. Perhaps he does not know that, many years ago, Messrs. Macmillan published, in a very cheap and handsome form, Mr. James's novels up to date. To Mr. Conrad it seems that Mr. James's mind is steeped in the waters flowing from the fountain



"SHIPS ARE BUT BOARDS"—AND LODGINGS.

Shakspere's line, in "The Merchant of Venice," "Ships are but boards," is in need of an addition. Ships are soon to be not only boards, but lodgings. Some forty obsolete war-vessels are to be moored in the Motherbank, and each of these vessels is to be placed under the charge of a caretaker, who will have to live on board and who may be accompanied by his wife and family. The Admiralty are advertising for naval pensioners to fill these positions as ship-caretakers, the pay being a guinea a week, with light, fuel, and some articles of furniture.

conscience, one has to recognise an incoherent plot, a want of action of the characters and on the characters that bars it from a place among the highest." Mr. Jacobs thinks that the novel will take rank by the side of "Contarini Fleming," the nearest analogue to it in the language.

But when he comes to Mr. Watts-Dunton in his capacity as critic, there is no need to make any reservations. In Mr. Jacobs' view, his is the greatest critical intelligence that has been devoted mainly to the investigation of the laws of literary art in the English language. The combination of exquisite taste and generalising capacity is found in Mr. Watts-Dunton, and in him alone. He not only observes literary phenomena with the keenest of observation, but he is never content to leave a literary fact until he has brought it into harmony with other facts of the same kind. The best reviews written by Mr. Watts-Dunton are, in the opinion of Mr. Jacobs, the series on Victor Hugo.

Mr. Gelett Burgess, who contributed to these columns during his stay in London, is to publish in the spring a volume of essays which are said to be light and agreeable, with only the smallest dash of

of intellectual youth. "The thing—a privilege—a miracle—what you will—is not quite hidden from the meanest of us who run as we read. To those who have the grace to stay their feet it is manifest. After some twenty years of attentive acquaintance with Mr. Henry James's work, it grows into absolute conviction, which, all personal feeling apart, brings a sense of happiness into one's artistic existence."

Should persons about to find themselves famous—to use the phrase which James Payn applied to the numerous class who are contributors in intention to well-known periodicals—praise their own wares when they send their manuscripts? Should they say: "Here is the best thing that has been written for many a day, just what your readers are pining for"? I think not. Better let the editor judge for himself. But when they go on, in addition, to write, "This story supplies the element of which your magazine is in sad need, and is a great improvement on the work of — and —," they certainly go too far. But every editor receives letters of this kind. I got, some time ago, an essay upon the Renaissance for a literary journal from a person who had degrees after his name. In the accompanying epistle he eulogised his own performance, pointing particularly to the profundity of its knowledge. He spelt renaissance throughout "renaescence."—o. o.

BLACKMAIL. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

"I NEVER give my photographs away," said Miss Moreton; primly, the dimple displaying itself almost ostentatiously in her cheek.

"But I am an old friend," said I. "Surely an old friend doesn't count?"

"It's not the same thing," said Miss Moreton, vaguely. "Of course, it would be different if—" She ceased, apparently not knowing how to go on.

"Oh, very well," said I, with a sigh. "At any rate, I've got something to go on with."

She glanced at me swiftly, and then looked down the room, where the people were chattering.

"If one gave to one, one would have to give to all," she said, oracularly.

"I'm thankful I have that snapshot, at any rate," I said.

"Snapshot?" she asked, looking at me suspiciously.

"Why, yes," said I. "You remember, in the boat at Goring last July. I took one of you then."

"I have no recollection of it," she said, coldly.

"It was rather a good one, but, of course, not well developed, and, naturally, not one of you at your best. But, at any rate, it's something."

"What sort of one was it?" she inquired, with interest. "You've no right to take photographs without telling one."

"On the contrary," I replied, "it has been held in law that you may take what photographs you will; only you mustn't sell them. I'm not going to sell yours."

"What's it like?" she inquired, ignoring this.

For answer I dived into my frock-coat pocket. "I have a print here," I said. "I've not fixed it properly, but you can get an idea. It was when you were laughing at a story of Travers's."

Miss Moreton almost plucked the photograph out of my fingers, and examined it. "How abominable of you!" she said. "It's perfectly ridiculous. Good gracious, I don't open my mouth like that!"

"It's a pretty mouth," said I.

"It's a detestable grimace, and all out of drawing," she declared, with visible annoyance. "Amateur photography is all like that. People have no right to be let loose with cameras they don't understand."

"It's all I have," I pleaded. "If you would let me have a real one of you, I would willingly sacrifice it."

Miss Moreton appeared to hesitate. "Certainly not," said she at last, with decision. "And you must, please, destroy these."

"That's the only print I have," I said, meekly.

She eyed me for a moment, and then suddenly stooped and thrust it into the fire.

"I'm glad to hear it," she said, shortly.

I made no attempt at rescue, but watched the poor thing burn.

"Then you are going to let me have one of yours?" I said.

"Indeed, no such thing!" she replied, and walked off towards a group who were discussing Mr. Beerbohm Tree. I sat down beside a young lady in furs, and entered into a disquisition on motor-cars, of which I know nothing. Presently, Miss Moreton passed us.

"Do you prefer a Panhard or a Mercedes?" I asked her. She paused. "I don't know the difference," she said.

"Oh, do you motor?" asked the young lady in the fur coat, with enthusiasm.

"Miss Moreton rows," said I. "She punts very well, but she's not a first-rate hand with the sculls."

"Indeed!" said Miss Moreton to me, distantly.

"At least, she's unconventional in her style," I went on. "Sometimes she catches 'crabs'."

The young lady in the fur coat tittered, but Miss Moreton looked at me with displeasure.

"I don't pretend to all the accomplishments," she said.

"Nor do I," I replied. "But I can take a sort of photograph. I have one of a 'crab'."

She was going on, but hesitated. It was I who rose and bade my motoring acquaintance good-bye. I walked towards my hostess and the door, but ere I reached the former I found Miss Moreton at my heels.

"What do you mean, Mr. Mallison?" she asked, quickly. "Why do you talk about 'crabs' and photographs?"

"Oh, I only remembered that I took another snapshot last year," I replied.

She was silent for a moment, and then, "Please explain," she said.

"Don't you remember when you went over and Travers picked you up?" I asked. "I was just going to take a beautiful picture of your head, and it turned out—"

"Yes," said she, now quite rosy-red, "and what did it turn out?"

"Oh, it was a picture of your heels and your—"

"How abominable of you!" she interrupted, hastily.

"But you can see your head, too," I assured her. "You're falling—I mean, leaning—backwards, with a terrified but fascinating smile on your face, and your skirt is—"

"Of course, you will destroy it at once," she interposed, with her former haste.

I demurred. "It really is a very good one of you; at least, of part of you. If you could see it—"

"I don't want to see it," she broke in. "You must destroy it at once."

"But it's the only thing I have of you, now you've burnt that," and I indicated the fire.

"You've no right to any of me. I don't see why you want one at all," said Miss Moreton, hotly.

"I don't say I have any right," I replied, meekly; "but I'm going to stick to what I have. After all, it's mine. I took it."

"It's perfectly disgraceful of you, and—and—the law," declared she, her face handsomely flushed now, and her eyes bright with anger. "It's monstrous that I—that one hasn't any command over one's own—own person."

"You hadn't any command at that moment," I said.

She cast me a fiery glance, and bit her lip as if on something she had decided to suppress. I think she determined at that moment to try diplomacy.

"Tell me," she said, in a milder voice, "tell me exactly what it's like, and how I'm—how I came out, I mean."

"Well, you know what happens when you catch a 'crab,'" I said, evasively.

"Yes," she said, doubtfully. "You mean—am I—do I—?" She hesitated, almost wistfully.

"Well, you do, rather," I answered, reluctantly.

"Mr. Mallison," she said, earnestly and very persuasively, putting a hand on my arm, "you will destroy it, won't you?"

It was pretty; it was pathetic; it almost succeeded.

But I hardened my heart. "On one condition," I said, slowly, "and it's a very easy condition. I might make much better terms."

Miss Moreton flounced away indignantly, and I proceeded on my way to her mother to make my adieux. The room was fairly empty now, and I was following a little knot of departing guests into the hall when I heard my name reiterated earnestly and softly. I turned.

"Mr. Mallison, I wish you would stay just one moment," said Miss Moreton. "I—" She hesitated, glanced about the emptying room, and then moved towards the back of it, where a little ante-chamber gave upon it through wide folding-doors. I followed.

"You really mean what you say?" she asked suddenly, confronting me. I said that I did. "Very well," she said, bitterly. "It's the most atrocious conduct of you, and I'll never forget or forgive it. But—"

She angrily tossed open an album on the table, and at last stopped. I bent down, and a beautiful face on fair shoulders, crowning a pretty evening-gown, looked at me with a charming smile. I looked at my companion. I wished she would smile like that at me; but even in her anger she was wonderful. Her gaze expressed coldness, distance . . . contempt.

"It's a most magnificent likeness," I breathed fervently. "It's—it's divine."

"It's said to be good," said Miss Moreton, indifferently.

"It's the most beautiful picture I've ever seen," I said.

"Do you think so, really?" asked Miss Moreton.

"It's your living, breathing image that looks out on me," I continued.

"They do take very well, as a rule, those people," said Miss Moreton, affably.

"You can't wonder that I want it!" I exclaimed. "I'd give anything for—"

"Well, you can take it, if you'll give me your word to destroy the—that other thing," said she, in a not unfriendly voice.

I promised, and she graciously helped me to extract the photograph from the album. I buttoned it safely over my heart in my pocket, but Miss Moreton, having completed the bargain, of course, took no more interest in the matter. She was gazing down the room at someone else. But a thought occurred to her.

"You haven't shown that—that absurd snapshot to anyone?" she asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no," I said. "I've never printed it."

"Oh!" she said; "but you said—"

"Well, you see, I could make out some patches and a foot; but I broke it, unfortunately, as I was developing it."

Miss Moreton's mouth was firm. "Mr. Mallison, give me back that photograph," she demanded.

"But I'm going to finish the breakage," I protested.

"Give it to me back at once," she insisted, advancing on me. I was driven to bay. Besides, the rest of the room might hear us.

"I'll give it back if you'll give me the original," I said, boldly, but quite low.

Miss Moreton paused; she was taken aback. Her face flushed warmly.

"I—you—oh!" she stammered. "Mr. Mallison!"

"Is it a bargain?" I asked, anxiously, holding out the photograph towards her.

She hesitated; the pretty glow still on her face, and she was not looking at me.

"You are—oh, you are dreadful!" she said, with a tiny, troubled laugh. "But, in that case, perhaps you'd better keep the photograph."

"On second thoughts, I'll take both," I said.

THE END.

WITH THE SILVER SPOON.



THOMAS PITI HAMILTON CHOLMONDELEY, SON AND HEIR OF LORD AND LADY DELAMERE.

Photograph by Speaight.

IF it be indeed true that the child is father to the man, then twentieth-century Society may look forward to including in its midst some remarkably good-looking Peers and commoners. Thanks in a measure to the influence of Queen Alexandra, children are the fashion. Leading reviews publish articles concerning their taste in literature and their love of the drama, as well as contributions on the more weighty subjects of how they should be trained, fed, and corrected when they lapse from virtue. Indeed, the modern child may well exclaim, "Leave me to deal with my hereditary enemies, my nurses and my schoolmasters; but, oh, save me from my friends!"

In one matter, at least, the little boy of to-day is to be congratulated on having

been born in a more indulgent age than were his forbears. A country life is now, admittedly, by far the best preparation for a healthy and vigorous manhood, and during nursery days, at any rate, the sons and daughters of our great Peers and county families lead a most interesting and delightful life on their parents' ancestral acres.

Such, for instance, is the pleasant fate of Master Thomas Atherton Powys, the only son and heir of Lord and Lady Lilford. This little boy is, of course, a grandson of the famous Peer who formed the most remarkable zoological-garden in the kingdom, and whose knowledge of the habits of birds was absolutely amazing. It is to be hoped that Master Powys will follow in his grandfather's footsteps, the more so in that his father has kept up his predecessor's collection, and has even



ANDREW HENRY FERGUSON, SON OF MAJOR AND THE HON. MRS. FERGUSON.

Photograph by Speaight.

report speaks truly, this future Peer may spend a portion of his boyhood in East Africa, where Lord Delamere has lately acquired a beautiful estate, and where he and his wife intend to spend a portion of each year. Meanwhile, no English child has a lovelier home than lordly Vale Royal. There, when he has learned to read, Master Cholmondeley will be able to gaze reverentially on the greatest treasure in his father's library—that is, the earliest manuscript copy of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

Master Andrew Ferguson, who, through his mother, is a grandson of Lord Hampden, is one of the comparatively few children who are related to the Duke of Devonshire, and from both sides of the house he inherits political



HERBRAND EDWARD DUNDONALD BRASSEY SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST, SON AND HEIR OF LORD DE LA WARR.

Photograph by Esmé Collings.

added to it. Lady Lilford is a keen and successful amateur gardener, and she has been particularly fortunate in cultivating carnations. Yet another elder son fortunate as regards his grandfather is little Lord Buckhurst. Through his mother, this manly-looking little fellow is a grandson of Lord Brassey, and from earliest babyhood he has found and kept his sea-legs.

Mr. William Grenfell, most popular, most good-looking, and most successful of those athletes who are also politicians, has two sons to inherit his many gifts and graces. No two British lads ever had a fairer start in life, for their home, Taplow Court, is one of the glories of the Thames, and, as oarsmen, they have had the good fortune of calling their own father "coach." With such an example before them, who can doubt that, in due course, they will win their "blue"?

Master Thomas Pitt Hamilton Cholmondeley—to give him his full name—has also reason to be proud of his young father's exploits by land and sea; and, if



THOMAS ATHERTON POWYS, SON AND HEIR OF LORD AND LADY LILFORD.

Photograph by Speaight.



IVO GRENFELL, SON OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM GRENFELL.

Photograph by Speaight.

PRINCE ALBERT.

PRINCE EDWARD.



PRINCESS VICTORIA ALEXANDRA.

PRINCE GEORGE.

PRINCE HENRY.

THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



FRANCIS STONOR, SON OF THE HON.
MR. AND MRS. E. STONOR
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

interests and leaning, with, it may be added, not a little influence.

Much more than a purely social interest attaches to those children who are connected with the Court, and are thus brought into close connection with the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Royal Family are faithful friends to those who serve them, and the King and Queen are ever showing kindnesses to their faithful servants' children and grandchildren. Of His Majesty's godsons, few can claim greater personal beauty than

the youngest son of Lord and Lady Albemarle. Master Albert Edward Keppel also bears a name famed in the naval annals of our country, and his eldest brother, who is some sixteen years older than himself, is a keen soldier, following in the footsteps of his father, who went through the hardest of the South African Campaigns with conspicuous gallantry.

Closely connected with the Court world is Viscount Wendover; he, also, is a godson of the Sovereign, and bears, in addition to the classic Albert Edward, the somewhat uncommon Christian name of Samuel. Lord Wendover's birth followed that of five sisters, and was hailed with extraordinary rejoicings both in Wales and in the neighbourhood of his parents' home, near High Wycombe. This elder son is one of a group of cousins who are much with the Royal children, for Lady Carrington is the eldest daughter of Lord Suffield, and several of her younger sisters hold important posts about the Court.

The name of Stonor is also one dear to their Majesties, and the intimacy of Master Stonor with Prince Edward of Wales and his brothers continues an old tradition, for the King and Queen's sons and daughters were themselves on the most close terms of friendship with Miss Julia Stonor (now



MAYNARD GREVILLE, SON OF LORD AND
LADY WARWICK.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.



MARTIN DOUGLAS BATHURST LISTER, SON OF LADY EVELYN LISTER.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

profession; but, in these days, even those who have had the good luck to be born with the traditional silver spoon in their mouth can only hope to succeed, in any real sense, if they are able, and gifted with exceptional power. The Public School, regarded as a training-ground, seems on its trial, but, for the present, no alternative presents itself, and "elder sons," with a few startling exceptions, are still "put down" for Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or Rugby while still in the nursery.



ALBERT EDWARD GEORGE ARNOLD KEPPEL,
YOUNGEST SON OF LORD AND
LADY ALBEMARLE.
Photograph by Speaight.

the Marquise d'Hautpoul) and her brothers. Not long ago, a great painter declared that he preferred painting boy-children, as they were often far more beautiful, from the artistic point of view, than their sisters. This contention certainly seems carried out at the present time, for it would be difficult to find a girl-child as lovely as are Lady Evelyn Lister's little boy and Master Maynard Greville. The latter recalls to an astonishing degree his lovely mother, and he, also, has the pleasant reputation of being a very clever and good-tempered child. This, perhaps, is why Lady Warwick's youngest son is so often asked to play the part of page at a smart wedding. It will be remembered that Master Maynard Greville had as godfathers Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Lord Rosebery—two very brilliant though dissimilar men. At the present moment the little lad is rejoicing in the return home from the seat of the Russo-Japanese War of his elder brother, Lord Brooke, to whom he has always been peculiarly devoted.

Many of the little lads whose portraits we give will, in due course, become Eton boys, "wet bobs" or "dry bobs," as the case may be. Others, following the example of Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales, may make the Navy their



ALBERT EDWARD SAMUEL CHARLES ROBERT
WYNN-CARRINGTON, VISCOUNT WENDOVER, SON
AND HEIR OF LORD AND LADY CARRINGTON.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

SOME BEAUTIFUL STUDIES OF MISS DELIA MASON.



MISS DELIA MASON,

WHO IS PLAYING GWENNY HOLDEN IN "LADY MADCAP," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photographs by Hutchinson and Svendsen.

THE ILLNESS OF MISS VIOLA TREE.



MISS VIOLA TREE.

Miss Tree was cast for Hero ("Leonato's short daughter"!) in her father's production of "Much Ado About Nothing," but was, unfortunately, incapacitated by illness. Her place was taken by Miss Miriam Clements. It is hoped that Miss Tree will be well enough to play in "Agatha," by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Louis N. Parker, which Mr. Tree will produce at a Matinée on February 23rd.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

ON Saturday evening of next week the Royal will once more open its doors to give artistic hospitality to a foreign actor, in the person of Mr. Henri de Vries, who will appear in a play adapted from the Dutch of Heyermann, and entitled "A Case of Arson." In this not only will Mr. de Vries give proof of his tragistic skill by acting in his glass, but of his versatility by acting no fewer than seven parts, a feat few actors would attempt. The other part of the entertainment will be made up by a farcical comedy in two Acts, by Mr. Sydney Grundy called "The Diplomatist." In this Miss Lily Grundy will act a prominent part, as she has on other occasions when plays by her father have been produced. Other members of the Company will be Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. George Ratcliff, and Mr. E. W. Garden, Miss Florence St. John and Miss Marie Wellington, a cast which should go a long way towards ensuring success. The English and American rights of Heyermann's play are in the hands of the International Copyright Bureau, Limited, whose Managing

A DAINTY BASKET-KERCHIEF
MISS GABRIELE RAY*Photograph by H. J. Drury*

"Robin Goodfellow," "Lord and Lady Algy," and "The Rich Mrs. Repton" the play will be called "Mr. Hopkinson."

On Monday evening next Wynn's Theatre will re-open under the management of Mr. Arthur Chapple and Mr. Charles Frohman, with "The Lady of Leeds," the long promised farce by Captain Marshal, who preserved a more than usual reticence with regard to the title of the work. The farce will be conducted by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. C. M. Lowe, Mr. Alan Tempest, Mrs. Theodore Wright, and Miss Nancy Price, all of them actors with a distinctly showy touch and a keen perception of humour of their own.

For to-morrow evening an important production is promised at the German Theatre. This is Berhard Hauptmann's drama, "Rose Herna," which will be given for the first time in England.

With no fuss or noise and without any public paragraphing a movement which it is no exaggeration to describe as the greatest which has ever taken place in the amusement world, from the financial point of view, has been



MISS MARIE LLOYD, WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL

Photograph by H. J. Drury

Director, Mr. Ernest Mayer is one of the adapters, or—should one rather say free translators of "L'Aventure" a three-act play produced at the Théâtre du Grand Guignol, which, under the probable title of "That I dares't Daring" was to have been produced in conjunction with the famous Dutch writer's play.

When Mr. James Welch was compelled to retire from the cast of Drury Lane pantomime, in consequence of what was feared at the time might prove a very severe illness, regret was everywhere expressed, not only among his professional comrades, but by practically every newspaper which voiced the popular feeling with regard to the amiable actor to whose capacity for causing laughter at one moment and tears the next Mr. Max Beerbohm once paid tribute by writing an article about him as "a tragic comedian." Happily these first rumours of Mr. Welch's health have proved exaggerated, as first rumours so often prove. He is already so far on the road to health that when, later in the month, Mr. Carton's new farce is produced at the Avenue, Mr. Welch will appear in the leading part. In accordance with what may be regarded as Mr. Carton's frequent if not invariable habit of giving a personal title to his play—examples of which are found in

consummated. This is the arrangement by which the enterprises known professionally as the Moss-Thornton-and-Stoll Theatres have been amalgamated, with a capital of £2,086,000. The original capital of the Miss Empress Limited, was £1,460,000, so that that vast sum has been increased by £626,000. It need hardly be said that never before in the world's history has such a sum been gathered together in the interests of pure amusement, and probably it far exceeds anything which has been thought of in connection with theatrical Art with a capital 'A.' At present there are twenty-nine theatres and halls managed by the Company and two others are now building the Olympia at Liverpool, and the Coliseum at Glasgow.

As befits so great an organisation, which includes the Hippodrome and the Coliseum at the head of the Metropolitan estate scheme, the headquarters of the Company are now located in London, and the providing of offices for the housing of the large number of officers and employees has involved drastic changes. When the Hippodrome was built,



MISS OLIVE MAY, PLAYING AT THE GAIETY

Photograph by H. J. Drury

a certain portion of the building in Cranham Street was devoted to residential chambers. Now, all the residents have been got rid of, and all the accommodation of the building has been turned into offices. The whole of Mr. Stoll's staff has been brought thither from Cardif, where the headquarters of his own individual enterprises were situated. Mr. Stoll is, as has been mentioned, sole Managing Director of the whole concern, and already he has succeeded in impressing those around him with his genius for organisation. The Chairmanship of the Company still remains with Mr. H. F. Moss who, by the way, is leaving London this week in order to take a holiday in Egypt, where he will remain for the next three or four months.

The presentation of "Much Ado About Nothing" now differs in certain material respects from its first production. Last Wednesday morning there was "a call for curtains" as the rehearsal for curtain-up a play is always spoken of in the Green-room and at least one where stage was taken down. The expense involved in such a change is considerable for it is stated in the theatre that the building and painting of the scene cost no less a sum than four hundred pounds.



MISS LETITIA MOORE IN "BARRY IN ONNEMARA," AT THE COISEUM

Photograph by Bassano

KEY-NOTES

EVEN at so early a time of the year as this Covent Garden is becoming very busy in connection with its forthcoming Opera season. That season begins on May 1, and lasts, by the calendar, exactly three months. It seems that Wagner is always a trump-card to play in this connection and we therefore congratulate the Syndicate in its arrangements for all performances of two cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" as a sort of preface to their season. As no rehearsal will be held at Bayreuth this summer, the Directors of the Opera have been able to secure Richter's services for May 1.

It is, indeed, May 1, "Walkure"; May 4, "Siegfried"; and May 6, "Götterdämmerung," the identical repetitions occurring for the second cycle on

May 12, 13, and 15. No extra cycles will be given during the

season, and indeed we think that the Covent Garden Direction is very generous in giving so much. The hours at which the various performances will begin are possibly a little startling, but it will be remembered that, not very long ago, it was found a together necessary to adopt similar times for the realisation of an exact similar scheme.

The "Ring," May 1, "Walkure"; May 4, "Siegfried"; and May 6, "Götterdämmerung," the identical repetitions occurring for the second cycle on

any sort of extraneous invitation.

One may talk about the impossibility of getting absolute tone from the pianoforte—for, of course, the charms of C-sharp can never quite meet the beauties of D-flat

although they are identified together upon the instrument, but Mr. Howard Jones decidedly approached his task with so definite a variety, and also with so delicate a thoughtfulness, that one listened rather in surprise than in an attempt to criticise. It would not be easy to give higher praise than this, save possibly to assert that his playing of Beethoven, Glazebrook and Liszt—three composers of quite distinctive individuality—demonstrates that it is difficult to associate one with another without a most desirable interval of rest in thought; was so versatile, so thorough, and at the same time, so romantic, for one does not refer to romance without remembering its separation from rhetoric, that in certain respects he may claim a quite high rank among modern pianists. Mr. Schulz-Curtius, as usual, has known in the case of Mr. Howard Jones, precisely how to touch the pulse of the public.

Our congratulations to Weingartner upon the various public recognitions that have been given to the greatness of his art in his capacity of conductor. It takes a great deal of time, of slow recognition, and of individual praise to swing even a great composer right upon the path that leads to State honour in England, but the French Government has quickly and finely recognised the musical influence of Weingartner by just conferring upon him the distinction of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

COMMON CHORD.



MISS KATHARINE PARLOW, WHO WILL GIVE HER FIRST SOLO RECITAL AT THE ROSENTHAL HALL ON THE 16TH OF THIS MONTH.

Miss Katharine Parlow is a native of Western Canada, and studied privately in San Francisco. She has played a public solo recital, making her début with Sarasate's "Zigeuner-Walzer."

Photograph by the E. H. Weston Studio.

May 10, 12, 13, and 15. No extra cycles will be given during the season, and indeed we think that the Covent Garden Direction is very generous in giving so much. The hours at which the various performances will begin are possibly a little startling, but it will be remembered that, not very long ago, it was found a together necessary to adopt similar times for the realisation of an exact similar scheme.

"Das Rheingold," of course being only a prelude to the great work, and lasting for one two hours and a half, is, comparatively, a bagatelle. The "Walkure" begins, however, at five, and is expected to end at eleven, thus allowing an hour and a half interval at a quarter to eight for another. "Siegfried" begins at the same hour and is also expected to end at the same hour, but enthusiasts will be delighted to hear that "Götterdämmerung" begins at half past four and ends at eleven o'clock. Why should we then, we English critics, be so determined that everything is wrong in England and everything is right in Germany? It is true that Londoners very often complain that they cannot really find the best work of the Western world in the greatest capital thereof. Nevertheless, we should very much like to know any other city in existence where we have the pluck and the spirit to transfer from a man so exacting and gigantic a work as Wagner's "Ring" with but any apparent distract or or any failing of being overwhelmed. Our artists have been engaged in company with singers from America and Berlin, added to whom one is glad to suffix the name of Miss the Kirkby Lonsdale among English singers while we must all be glad



THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF MUSIC AT THE ROSENTHAL HALL, MR. WALTER SLAUGHTER IN HIS STUDY.

Mr. Walter Slaughter's work both as composer and as conductor is so well known that it is needless to mention it in detail. It may be said, however, that the music of two of the Coliseum's popular scenes, "Barney in Compton" and "The Derby," is arranged and written by him.

Photograph exclusively for "The Sketch."



M. VICTOR MAUREL, WHO IS GIVING A VOCAL RECITAL AT THE ROSENTHAL HALL ON THE 16TH OF THIS MONTH.

M. Maurel, the great French baritone, recently reappeared at Covent Garden, after an absence of ten years, with the San Carlo Opera Company, and again won considerable success. He will give a second récital on March 1st.

Photograph by E. H. Weston.



A New World's Record for the Five Miles—An Automobile Week for Brighton—Lady Owners of Cars—The Crystal Palace Show—A Non-Skid Competition—Touring-Outfits.

A CABLEGRAM reached this country last week to the effect that plucky and experienced motor-driver, Arthur E. Macdonald, had succeeded in breaking the world's automobile record for five miles, by covering that distance in 3 min. 17 sec., thus proceeding at a speed of slightly more than 91½ miles per hour. The centre of the page in which these notes appeared last week was occupied by an illustration of Mr. Macdonald at the helm of the very car, a six-cylinder Napier, which achieved the above remarkable result. Ninety-one and one-third is superior to any known railway-travelling, and if it were possible to keep the Napier going at this velocity between London and Bath, the journey would occupy 69½ minutes only. But,

is applied, which, again, makes the driving of a car to which the general form of cone-clutch is fitted a difficult matter for a lady. The requirements of lady drivers demand the consideration of automobile builders.

The exhibition of automobiles and accessories now gathered beneath the roof of the Crystal Palace is a very shadow of the rare show made there last year. But this particular display is the initial effort of a new series of motor exhibitions at Sydenham, and, with a view to lend the present effort some extra attraction, demonstrations of non-skidding devices are being given in a competition for awards

on a specially prepared skid-area in front of the Great Basin. These demonstrations can be observed by visitors, so that, should the contemplative non-skid purchaser desire to see how the thing works under the worst possible conditions, he can easily satisfy his curiosity. Much discretion should be employed before settling on a non-skidding device, for with some of them the cure is almost worse than the disease.

Awards are also offered by the Palace people for the two best touring-outfits—one for large and one for small cars; also other awards for the best gentleman's, lady's, and driver's motoring-kit. Doubtless, many of my readers will be anxious to see what the exhibitors consider a complete touring-outfit for heavy and light cars. I have, in my time, made many lists, and if you



THE DELHI-BOMBAY RELIABILITY TRIALS:
A LANCHESTER ON THE KALYAN FERRY.

alas, the Bath Road, however good it may have been in the coaching days, now bears no sort of resemblance to the Daytona Beach.

Reference to the Daytona Beach Meeting reminds me that Brighton is likely to have its Automobile Week this year. The Mayor of London-by-the-Sea, addressing a meeting the other day, spoke quite enthusiastically about its prospects, and fixed July 19, 20, and 21 as the probable dates of the automobile section of the programme. One or more days are to be devoted to motor-boat racing. At last it would appear that, spurred by the example of Nice and Blackpool, Brighton feels that she must not be left out in the cold, and that she is prepared to extend encouragement to automobilists, who, but for the hearty welcome always accorded them at the Old Ship Hotel, on the Front, would have ruled Brighton out of the day-runs altogether. It is proposed to hold the automobile events on the Madeira Road, which runs in the shadow of the cliff of Kemp Town and should afford a grand automobile speed-track for sprint-races. The Mayor of Brighton has evidently already moved to some effect in the matter, for he has been promised the support of the French, German, and Belgian Automobile Clubs.

Slowly but very surely the number of ladies who own and drive their own cars is increasing, but their number is not likely to grow very rapidly until makers take some thought to arrange for a very easy clutch-pedal. The effort required to declutch on most cars is altogether too great for any but the most robust woman, and that is, doubtless, the reason why a large percentage of ladies who drive cars take to De Dions. The expansion and contraction of the special De Dion clutches, which are effected by the swinging of a horizontal lever on the steering-pillar, can be performed by a child. In this car, too, the clutch-spring has not to be compressed when the foot-brake

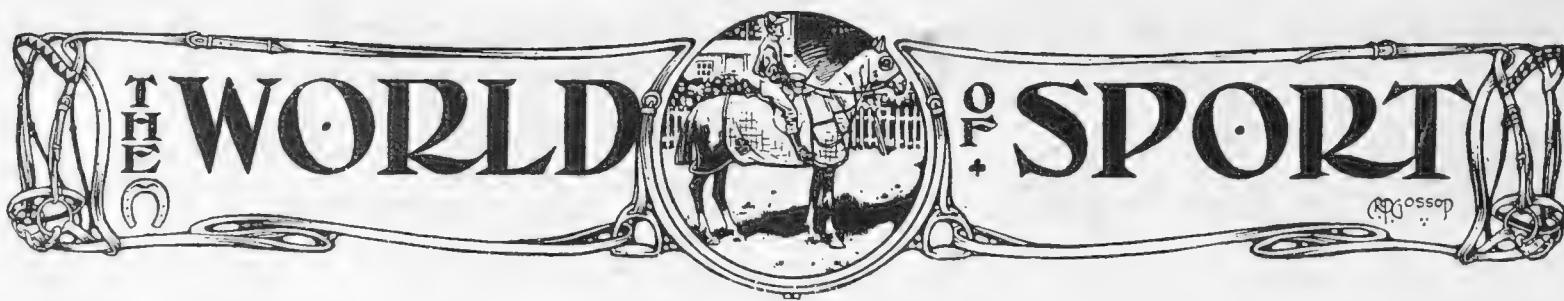


THE DELHI-BOMBAY RELIABILITY TRIALS: A BREAK IN THE RUN AT THE KALYAN FERRY.

Photographs by Stewart, Poona.

pile up all the things you think at first you ought to take along the agglomeration will appal you. A weeding-out process is always necessary, and, when you begin to consider the matter carefully, it is wonderful how many things you can, after all, leave behind. Tyres are to-day so superior to what they were two years ago that a spare cover is hardly necessary, so long as the covers you start with are in really good condition. Then, again, as a rule, motorists carry too many tools altogether. Much weight can be saved by selecting the most suitable implements of repair, both by bulk and adaptability.

The small motor-repair man, so long as it is certain he is a thoroughly good workman and knows his business, is frequently the best man to whom to send one's car when it requires fettling up. But careful inquiry should be made before entrusting the car to his mercies, and references to customers whose reports can be relied upon should always be required.



Spring Handicaps—Expenses—Protection—A Busy Season.

THE acceptances for the Spring Handicaps will be published on Thursday, after which time the leading bookmakers will open their volumes in earnest on the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National. The early favourites for the Carholme list were Csardas, St. Amant, who has wintered well, and Newsboy, who has done nothing since he has been in W. Robinson's stable. Other horses inquired after have been Wolfshall, one of the unluckiest horses in training; Whitechapel, who was said to be an unbeatable certainty for the Manchester November Handicap that was never run; Dean Swift, another unlucky horse; and Vedas, a filly of moods. Horses likely to be asked about later on may be mentioned in Best Light, Hackler's Pride (as I expect Ypsilanti will be kept for the Jubilee Stakes), Sansovino, and Romer. The last-named is an all-round performer, and, as he ran well in the autumn, he is very likely to do the same in the spring. For the Grand National, I like Ambush II., my tip of last year, and Robin Hood IV., Kirkland, and Leinster.

Many racehorse owners are combining to get expenses cut down, and I quite agree with Lord Carnarvon that railway expenses should be cut down so far as the charges for the conveyance of racehorses and lads are concerned, while a law should be passed by the Jockey Club forbidding Clerks of Courses charging for either stabling or forage. The Park Meetings are wise enough to provide free stabling and provender, and I notice that the Folkestone Meeting provides free railway-travelling for racehorses and their trainers. This is a capital idea, which should be copied at least by those meetings that are not allowed to pay out more than ten per cent. each year in dividends. There are, however, other ways in which owners may cut down their expenses, such as cutting the swagger trainers down to one motor-car and one pair of horses each for their private use. Again, many owners or their managers enter horses recklessly, and not with a view to their meeting their engagements.

The American papers are very angry because the English Jockey Club will not allow Boss Croker to have his horses trained at Newmarket, and one or two of the New York prints are hinting that our Turf Senators want to get rid of American owners, jockeys, trainers, and horses. This is not so. All comers

are welcomed on the English Turf, so long as they obey the laws of the Jockey Club. Those American jockeys who were banished paid the penalty of infractions of our racing-laws, and some of the American trainers left us because their methods did not pay. One or two of the American owners running horses in this country were certainly not wanted or valued by those having the best interests of the Turf at heart; but no whisper has ever been heard to the detriment of the late Mr. Whitney or of the Messrs. Keene, nor, as far as I can discover, has anyone ever uttered a word against Boss Croker's sporting methods. He is very fond of horses and plays the game thoroughly. Mr. Croker should bear in mind the fact that the big handicaps and the classics are as often as not won by country-trained horses.

The croakers predict a quiet racing season, but I think we are in for a lively time. True, the Spring Handicaps did not yield well in the matter of entries, but I fancy the fields for these events will be well up to the average, while the ten-thousand-pounders and the Cups, and other weight-for-age races, will, for a certainty, be more interesting this year than usual; that is, if all the crack performers show a clean bill-of-health. Efforts are to be made to assure good sport at Ascot, and the Duke of Richmond is carrying out further extensive alterations at Goodwood, which will hum again presently. Both Epsom meetings are certain to draw, and there will be no lack of runners, as the market is always good at this popular resort, although the running in some of the races does not synchronise with the guide-books. I hear we are in for a very busy sporting season all round.

The few critics who predicted that Ypsilanti would have to give weight to Hackler's Pride in the Lincolnshire Handicap can point with pride to the race and say, "What did I tell you?" Much to the general surprise, the dual Cambridgeshire winner (9 st. 2 lb.) is allowed 3 lb. by the dual Jubilee winner (9 st. 5 lb.). What a match this couple would furnish! But that is one of those things we are only allowed to dream about. They are both in one stable—a stable that, as one gentleman remarked last year, seems to be managed with almostsuperhuman cleverness. It is a poor business at best prophesying about the Fallon Stable, but I should like to hazard the opinion that it will not be represented in the first big handicap of the year. CAPTAIN COR-



THE MAKER OF A BREAK OF 821 IN A SPOT AND PUSH-BARRED GAME OF BILLIARDS: THE OLD CHAMPION, JOHN ROBERTS.

John Roberts, the famous billiard-player, recently made an 821 break in a spot and push-barred game at Glasgow. Although this beat the previous best by thirty-three points, it is said that it will not be allowed to stand as a record, as the table on which it was made was not officially inspected before the match.

Photograph by Talma, Melbourne.



THE RACE FOR THE AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP AT LINGAY FEN: MR. A. E. TEBBIT, THE WINNER, FINISHING.

Mr. Albert Tebbit, of Wentworth, has now won the Amateur Skating Championship on four occasions. At Lingay Fen he covered the course of a mile and a-half in five minutes, fifteen and two-fifths seconds.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WE have all been vibrating with horror, indignation, and sympathy for the unfortunate men of St. Petersburg during the past ten days. The civilised world stands aghast at the barbarities of the dominant bureaucrats by the Neva. Yet the knout and the sabre have, seemingly, once more done their work and whipped



[Copyright.]

A DAINTY BALL-GOWN IN PALE PINK.

back the moujik into submission. But will it last? The French Revolution, that turned a timid peasantry into tigers screaming for blood, took three hundred years to mature. The process of fermentation in Holy Russia, though equally in progress, has been slower, because the people are less imaginative and more submissive than their present allies. The mills of the gods, grind they never so slowly, are also, however, never idle; and when Russia is just a little better educated than now, and has learnt the method of arming her sons, it will be time for erstwhile omnipotent autocrats to remove themselves, as several have lately done, to villas on the Riviera, for the upheaval, when it comes, will indeed "stagger humanity." Mrs. Voynich has thrown some side-lights on the agreeable methods of modern Russian officialdom; but even "Olive Lathom" falls short, one is told, of hideous, everyday reality. One reads in the newspapers that such prominent men as Maxim Gorky and M. Pisareff have been arrested, but nothing is known of the bestial cruelties practised on prisoners by their Russian gaolers, and it is only the few who can voice their experiences in books, like the first-named, that can ever reach and teach the multitude that bureaucracy and butchery are in the Czar's dominions too often synonymous terms.

In France there are undoubtedly several things "they do better" now than they were wont to do, and one of these is the lighting arrangements of their dining and dressing tables. Electric-light is exclusively used, and introduced into candlesticks, vases, and ornaments with extreme ingenuity. Both for safety and convenience, as well as appearance, this plan is much to be preferred to our conservative

affection for candles, which, however charming, are distinctly dangerous and troublesome. A case in point occurred in Cadogan Square last week, when, in dressing for dinner, a daughter of the house set fire to the gauze scarf she was wearing and was very nearly the victim of fire. The offenders in this case were dressing-table candles, and in the first week of the year three deaths were reported from a similar cause. People who can command the luxury of electric-light should, decidedly, treat their dining and dressing-table candlesticks to its secure illumination, and under no pretext should candles be permitted on either. An American woman of my acquaintance has electric-lights fixed close to her dressing-glass, and these she transfers at will to a triple mirror and a full-length glass by an ingenious arrangement of clips. The strongest light is thus thrown on her during the dressing process, and if, to use her phrase, she can pass those search-rays her dearest enemies may do their criticising worst.

One always envies those lucky people who fly south, like the swallows, only at another season, and when east winds ravage the streets and rack the frames of humanity betake themselves to territorial paradises in the exotic atmosphere of the *wagon-lit*. One not only flies to the realisation of many pleasures, but escapes so many jarring realities at home: one's family, one's bills, one's climate, and, above all, one's spring-cleaning—that terrible process of "turning out" which annually causes the uprising of carpets, the descent of curtains, the excoriation of walls, doors, and windows, the disbanding of chairs and tables, and the complete temporary rout of that dust and ashes to which the wise man tells us we must all eventually return. Since to live is to labour, however, we must still spring-clean, although



[Copyright.]

A SKATING-FROCK OF VELVET.

the Deluge hover round the corner, and, therefore, we gaily despatch our begrimed belongings to Campbell, of Perth, and by his helpful co-operation take on a new lease of clean and fresh-looking existence in the shortest possible space of time at the smallest possible amount

of cost. Campbell's Perth Dye Works, emulating, in fact, the processes of that astonishing bird the Phoenix, make curtains, carpets, chintz, and cretonne rise from the ashes or soot of their besmirched, dead selves to quite other things, renovating everything of the sort out of its accustomed shabbiness to a surprising and agreeable newness by the mere chemical manner of their dyeing and cleaning, which of late years has reached such great perfection.

One occasionally reads gruesome stories of the vegetable horrors by which cheap jams and preserves are "assisted" to increase in bulk, turnips being employed to eke out tangerines, and other adulterating atrocities calculated to make the blood run cold if revealed. It is, therefore, comforting to remember that the better firms take the greatest care. For instance, Messrs. Chivers and Sons have three thousand acres sacred to the cause of pure jam. Messrs. Chivers issue at Histon, Cambridge, an interesting booklet (to be had for the asking) on the history of jam-making in general, as well as the particular methods employed by their firm to secure cleanliness in preparation and purity in the processes of manufacture. The Chivers method of preserving fruit whole is a great advance in jam-making; the flavour is retained and the squashed-up effect of old-fashioned methods avoided.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

KILLALA.—It is a problem. The best way is, advertise. Few offices are, I fear, really reliable, and certainly avoid those that first demand a fee. A friend went to one lately, one, too, calling itself a "League," and paid, on the manageress's representations, half-fee in advance. A cook was sent, who came in before dinner and fled after having spoilt it. The Servants' Registry was applied to, and the woman in charge refused to send other cooks until the full fee was paid. This is the sort of thing that brings Registry Offices into disrepute, though all managements are not so discreditably conducted, needless to add.

SYBIL.

SOME GENERAL NOTES.

REALLY distinguished players of the violoncello are extremely rare; it has been, for example, in England a very difficult matter to fill the place that once occupied public attention so largely when filled by Signor Piatti. It appears, however, that a young Spaniard, Pablo Casalo by name, has recently and rapidly been making his way to the front in the capacity of one among the really fine 'cello-players of the day. One authority, presumably responsible, writes in a Brussels paper that the purity of his style and the fineness of his technical gifts prove him to be a very remarkable player. All this is very interesting, and becomes the more so to Londoners by reason of the announcement that he is to appear shortly, during the Philharmonic Society's season.

It is not a little curious to find that the public does not discover charm so easily in the magnificence of what may be called the "spirit of the 'cello," as in the "spirit" of the violin; there is something, perhaps, a little too solemn, a little too much of the musical under-world, in the tone of the 'cello to make it a very dominant instrument in the choice of solo-players; but versatile composers have known how to treat it finely even from this point of view, and, as in the list of works to be performed by the Philharmonic Society during the forthcoming season the first 'Cello Concerto by Saint-Saëns is notably prominent, we presume that this is the composition in which Señor Casalo is to make his appearance.

Very gloomy accounts of the publishing trade in France are to hand. It is stated that the total value of new books sold during the last twelve months was less than £400,000. This is a great decline upon previous figures, and is demand for newspapers and magazines and the growing devotion to physical culture. Daily rations of romance, we are told, are served up in the halfpenny newspapers, while booksellers are on the verge of bankruptcy and

authors are starving. However, there are still a hundred and thirty publishing houses of good standing in Paris, a very much larger number than London can yet boast.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has decided not to write a sequel to "Rebecca." She feels it might disappoint her readers. There is a sequel to every story, but it is thought out by each of its readers for himself. Consequently, a book has as many sequels as it has had readers, and their number alone limits the variety of possible versions. The authoress would find herself in a hopeless minority of one so far as the further experiences of "Rebecca" are concerned.

The National Sunday League has become, so far as its music is concerned, practically a London institution. Mr. Landon Ronald must be really acknowledged as one of the foremost conductors whom England at the present time can show, and one whose work in this connection need not stand ashamed beside that of many Continental musicians whom we have delighted to hail upon their appearance in this country. On the occasion of a recent Sunday concert at the Queen's Hall, his reading of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony was very curiously personal, and, one may add, very convincing, for he mingled the sentiment of the absolute East with the growing wonder of the West—a sentiment which is the elemental feeling in that which constitutes the basis of all Tschaikowsky's later music. Mr. William Higley sang "Four Songs of the Hill," by Mr. Ronald, the orchestration of which formed a novel feature of the occasion. In every possible way that orchestration was delightful, and was particularly delightful inasmuch as it seemed to be essential to the full realisation of the work.

Mr. Emsley Carr, who has beaten Dr. Macnamara in the final match for the Press Tournament Cup, is one of the best and most enthusiastic golfers among journalists. He is a comparatively young player, and his progress has been rapid. A more popular winner of the Tournament, in its first year, could not be found, for Mr. Carr is a favourite in Fleet Street and in the Parliamentary Gallery. He is Editor of the *News of the World* and London Correspondent of the *Western Mail*, Cardiff; and he is married to his cousin, the eldest daughter of Mr. Lascelles Carr, who was part-proprietor of these newspapers.

There is one curious point about the new naval arrangements made by Sir John Fisher, and it is the tendency to recognise in South Africa the geographical centre of the British Empire. If you take any map of the world, you cannot fail to see how the South African Colonies form the true half-way house between Great Britain and India. In time of war, it would be far easier to take transports from the Cape to India through the Indian Ocean than to send them across the Bay, through the Mediterranean, and down the Suez Canal. Moreover, it is common knowledge that the Suez Canal might be rendered useless in a few hours, and then the Power that dominated the Straits of Gibraltar would turn the Mediterranean into a lake. Before many years have passed I expect to see British Mediterranean interests suffer a considerable diminution. The recovery or final collapse of the "Sick Man of the Near East" and the settlement of the Austro-Hungarian destiny will, perhaps, be all that this country will wait to see. A Cape-to-Cairo railway must greatly affect all the questions relating to Egypt.

The Improved Golf-Balls Company, Limited, is at work upon a new golf-ball, which it hopes to place on the market this side of Easter. It will probably be brought out as an eighteenpenny ball, and the manufacturers believe that it will prove to have a longer flight and carry than any other ball previously introduced, and to be the most durable in wear—a ball, in fact, which cannot be hacked.



A MENU BY MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

Mr. Solomon designed this menu for the dinner given at Claridge's Restaurant, under the presidency of Mr. Walter Long, in aid of the Stepney Soup Kitchen. By the kindness of the artist, the original drawing was sold by auction for the benefit of the Fund, and, after much spirited bidding, was knocked down to Mr. George Alexander for fifteen pounds.



A WEDDING-PRESENT TO LORD SUFFOLK.

The handsomely chased, solid silver cup figured above was presented to Lord Suffolk, on the occasion of his marriage, by the farm-tenants of the Charlton Park Estate, Malmesbury. It was made by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 188, Oxford Street, W.

accounted for by the increased demand for magazines and the growing devotion to physical culture. Daily rations of romance, we are told, are served up in the halfpenny newspapers, while booksellers are on the verge of bankruptcy and

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 8.

THE SETTLEMENT.

THE Account passed off without any failure, although the usual stories were going round as to the expected "hammering" of a member or two in the Kaffir and Home Railway Markets. The Stock Exchange has got over the fear of a Russian break-up and all the European complications that this would involve, and things are again more cheerful. The strength of the Bank Return and the knowledge that considerable shipments of gold are on their way have helped the gilt-edged market, and it is very apparent that we have merely suffered during the last few days one of those relapses from which everyone suffers when recovering from a serious disorder.

In South and Central American securities the news that the Government of San Domingo has invited the United States to administer its Customs has stimulated buying by people who like to take a hint, for it points to an improvement in other quarters. If this is the beginning of the great North American Republic realising that the Monroe Doctrine carries responsibilities with it, there may be hope for even the long-suffering bondholders of Honduras or Venezuela. When stock can be picked up at rubbish-price and there is even an off-chance of a Great Power like the United States taking the financial situation in hand, it is, perhaps, worth while to lock up a few thousand and live on hope for a year or two—if you can afford it.

The rise in Premier Diamonds came more quickly than we expected when we wrote in our issue a fortnight ago that the Deferred could be picked up at 14 and might be expected to reach 20. They are now quoted at 18, but we can hardly claim credit for anticipating the discovery of a 3000-carat diamond at the time we were tipping the shares as a good purchase. None the less, those of our readers who took the hint have done very good business.

The developments of Egyptian mining are very satisfactory, and the success of the new Agency and Investment Company's issue points to the continued attractions which Egypt affords to the British investor. The Salt and Soda Company's shares, of which we have spoken favourably in these columns years ago, are now at such a height that they look as if there was nothing more to go for, and we hear that the next developments will be in the direction of Sudan lands and cotton-growing. Properly capitalised schemes, under good auspices in this direction, would probably be well received.

CONSOLS AND COLONIALS.

Those who talk Consols to something over 90 before the March Account are using cheap money as the groundwork for their calculations. Consols are losing a certain section of their former supporters, thanks to all the new Loans that offer better terms to the investor with security only a trifle less sound, but Goschens will, of course, always retain a high place in the list of popular speculations. Not only are Consols so useful as a hedge against commitments in other departments, but the liquid character of the market gives the stock an additional attraction in the eyes of those who deal on the in-and-out principle. Such gamblers naturally deal in both directions, and for consistent support Consols are mainly dependent upon Banks, Insurance Companies, and similar institutions. We are ourselves entirely in accord with those who fail to see why money should be invested in Goschens, when it can be more profitably employed in the various 3 per cent. stocks of which this department now offers such a variety. Water 3 per cent. is fully priced, no doubt, and the astute buyer will rather turn his attention to some of the 3 per cent. Debenture stocks of the Water Companies, which can be bought at lower prices, and which will be converted later on into, perhaps, Water "A" stock, the security for which will be even better than that of the existing "B." Outside the strictly gilt-edged descriptions, the Corporation list offers a few issues that are more tempting than good; for example, West Ham 3 per cents., which should not be touched at anything like the quoted prices. But the 3 per cent. stocks of the principal Colonies look invitingly cheap now that the voice of the investor is heard in the land, and the comparative lowness of the quotations may easily lead to an all-round rally in these issues. We would add that the new East London 4 per cent. stock is pretty certain to go to something over par, and it can be picked up at 97½ with assurance of increasing capital value.

PROSPECTS FOR AMERICANS.

Apologists for the American Market point, with pardonable pride, to the steady way in which Yankees withstand the various alarms from Eastern Europe, and argue from this firmness, that prices are good for another smart spurt whenever politics settle down again. The

assumption seems justifiable enough, and is backed by good trade reports from most parts of the United States, but the speculator cannot afford to take too many chances on the bull tack. Without wishing to appear unduly pessimistic, we must admit dislike of the rumoured heavy new issues of capital by the Southern Pacific and other leading lines. Perhaps the Thomas Lawsonations have unconsciously corrupted us, and warped a fairer judgment, but the raising of immense sums of money at a time when the increase of trade, as a whole, hardly seems to warrant such appeal, does not convince us of the market's permanent stability. American Rails are in the hands of the wire-pullers, and prices can be made to dance as the latter may think fit. This can go on for a good length of time, but not for always, and the day is sure to come when the big houses determine to unload.

Some readers may remember that, last September or October, we indicated the Preferred shares of the Kansas City and Southern Company as a good purchase of the outside class. Within the last week or so there has been a rise of about seven points, upon rumours that the concern is to be amalgamated with the Union Pacific. The profit is good enough to take.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Fortunately, we do not suffer from panics in these latter days as we used to do. The Russian *affaire* of the fatal Sunday might very well have been expected to send prices spinning downwards. They fell, of course, but to what extent? A point here, a couple there, perhaps three somewhere else—that is the whole story. It would not have been surprising had Foreigners fallen five, eight, or ten per cent., as they did when the Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870. Benedetti's classical slap in the face was known in London to three Stock Exchange firms at least half-a-day before the news became common property. Markets were buoyant, and those of us who remember that time remember, too, the incredulity with which the general public received the information as to war being at the gates of two mighty and jealous nations. In fact, so great was the disbelief of the news, that one of the three firms just mentioned forbore to act. It was a fable, said the senior partner, too wild a rumour for him to operate upon, and he twirled the telegram in his hands somewhat contemptuously.

The declaration of war was handed by France to Germany in the third week of July 1870, and thereupon ensued the last real panic that the Stock Exchange has known. Egyptian stocks went down with a crash; so did Home Rails, and the then 3 per cent. Consols fell a shade below 90. Then came failures and a stiff Bank Rate, and all the other little luxuries attendant upon panic-days. It will be long before such rampant excitement comes again. People nowadays are so much more discriminating in their judgment as to the permanent influences of any happenings upon Stock Exchange prices. There were plenty of "cheap" buyers about after the Dogger Bank slump. Supposing the Continent had fulfilled the general apprehension, and sold its stocks in wholesale manner, there would have been a reaction afterwards, bringing reward to the bold buyer who had the courage to bid when he expected everyone else to be a seller. And the bold buyer is now so much a feature of our markets, that the fear of a good, old-fashioned panic is about as far removed from the Stock Exchange to-day,

as is the real fusion of interests between proprietors and members of the House. Regarded as investments, Japanese bonds are probably still priced below the levels at which they may hereafter stand. As speculations, the Fives and the Fours are both too high. It is easy to defend the quotations for the Six per Cent. Loans on the grounds of good yield and very fair security, but even these are likely to come down when the next new issue appears. That Japan must have more money is perfectly manifest: her naval programme alone, apart altogether from the war, could not be carried out without the aid of alien cash. Thanks to the Russian revolution—strange are fate's little ironies!—Japan will, no doubt, be able to raise her next loan upon terms considerably more advantageous than would have been the case, say, after the fall of Port Arthur. Another 6 per cent. issue might readily command 95 if, at the time of the prospectus appearing, there were good reasons for supposing peace to be near at hand. But the Five per Cent. Loan, and the Fours too, would have to come down, at least for a while, and there is every prospect of scrip sold now, being replaceable more cheaply within the next six months.

By the way, the bonds of the Japanese 6 per cent. issue, First Series, are decidedly martial in appearance. At the head of the bond there is engraved a view of Japan's most famous mountain, flanked on one side by a picture of an ironclad in action, while on the other side three Japanese soldiers stand ready to work what looks, to my uneducated eye, like a Maxim quick-firer.

Some time ago—I believe it was last summer—I mentioned Famatina Developments as being a good gamble. Since then, the Company has got into dreadfully low water by reason of the difficulty experienced in raising money. Now, however, affairs have changed. The Company's coffers have been replenished handsomely, and the shares, after being almost unsaleable at about half-a-sovereign, are up to something like nineteen shillings. I hear the group that has the "deal" in hand, means to put the shares decidedly higher, and the optimists say that thirty shillings won't stop the rise. Mind, the shares are a gamble, but, from what I am told, they seem to be an honest one, and everybody who buys Argentine Mining things must be emphatically told that he takes considerable risks in doing so. Nevertheless, Famatina Developments have a fair prospect of going to twenty-five shillings, and, if anyone goes in for the shares on this frank "tip," he will be well advised not to be too greedy in regard to the profit.

Envious people—I should not care to allude to Lloyd's or Mincing Lane or the Baltic by name—declare that the Stock Exchange turns out such good billiard-players because members have so much spare time for practice. However that may be, there is an amusing story in circulation about a tournament in which certain House-men were playing. It was a Club match, with a hundred entries of ten shillings each; first prize £40, and all the money handed to the marker for safe custody. One member, Mr. X., by no means a crack player, but a very persevering fellow, by dint of great exertions, and lots of practice, got into the final. At last, he and another were the only two left, and the game, which was to be 250 up, stood 248—245. Our



CORNER OF THE KAFFIR KRAAL ON PIGG'S PEAK.

friend had to play. The balls were in a most awkward position, and the onlookers, on the tiptoe of excitement, whispered advice to one another. The only chance was to go for an exceedingly difficult cannon. Mr. X., his brow sparkling with perspiration, bent to play. "Done it, by Jove!" he yelled, as the shot came off beautifully. His friends crowded round to shake hands, and it was quite ten minutes before he turned to claim the £40 from the marker. That gentleman's place was, however, empty, and entrance-fees for the next match are to be put in the Post Office Savings Bank in the names of three trustees.

Foreign Railway stocks continue to exercise a strong fascination over the speculative mind, and there is every probability of the rise being resumed. Of course, a good part of the slip-back has already been recovered, but the First Preference shares of the Cordoba and Rosario Railway look as if they were good for another five-point rise. Cordoba Income bonds will also go to 75 unless the bull account now existing should hasten to get out. As for Rosarios, I doubt whether the price is likely to touch more than 110 at most, and the risk of the stock going back to the vicinity of par is not slight. The way in which Costa Rica shares hold their price is rather surprising in view of the concatenation of adverse circumstances with which the bulls have had to contend since the quotation got nearly up to 3, and the tenacity of its grip seems to point to strong support on behalf of interested parties. Costas don't look a bad purchase at anything under the figure, although an occasional "washout" is only what the shareholders must expect. How Hercules must have wished for a Central American washout, when he was on the stable job!

From heathen mythology to Christian revivalism is a good stride, but it can be made, by a stretch of the imagination. Many of us are watching these strange, these extraordinary religious movements with a good deal of amazed wonder. As forces, they have to be studied by those who are interested in the psychology of the race. As efforts, they deserve more than laughter, and, with the spirit of revivalism in the serious air, why should not the Stock Exchange Christian Association make some deliberate attempt to become more than a name for less than a couple of hundred members and clerks, who meet periodically to sing hymns and listen to addresses upon far-away topics only remotely connected with the stress of modern life? If the Association really desires to be a vitalising power, it must come into line with the spirit of the times, must treat everyday objects of matter-of-fact business life; in one word, it must modernise, else it will remain the limp and spiritless society that it now is. I don't say this merely because I am not a member of the Association, but because there seems to be nobody in its own ranks who will point out the only practical way by which the objects can be achieved. There are, however, thousands of other men much more fitted to offer construction criticism on this point than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE PICCADILLY HOTEL, LIMITED.

This Company is offering £600,000 4½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, and 26,000 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £5 each for subscription. The Debentures appear to be amply secured, for the interest required is assured from the rentals of the twenty-seven shops owned by the Company, without having resort to the hotel profits in any way, while the whole property is valued by Mr. Robert Vigers at well over a million sterling. We note that two, at least, of the directors have experience of successful hotel-management, and that they anticipate the annual profits will not be less than £60,000 a year, the whole of which will be practically available for securing the Preference dividend.

The SUBSCRIPTION is NOW OPEN, and will CLOSE on or before WEDNESDAY, the 1st February, 1905, at 4 p.m.

THE PICCADILLY HOTEL

LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.

The Company's Property, when completed, will include the Piccadilly Hotel, and 27 Shops with frontages respectively to Regent Street, Piccadilly, Air Street, and Piccadilly Place, W., the rentals of which are estimated to produce £31,500 per annum.

CAPITAL - - - - - £800,000

DIVIDED INTO

80,000 £5½ per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each ... £400,000
400,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each ... 400,000

£800,000

Of which the whole of the Ordinary Shares and 24,000 of the Preference Shares will be issued as fully paid to the Vendors in part payment for the site.

The Prospectus of the Company, which, with Forms of Application, can be obtained from the Company's Bankers or Brokers, or at the Offices of the Company, invites subscriptions at par for £600,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, part of a total authorised issue of £700,000, and 26,000 Five-and-a-Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each.

Until Dec. 31, 1906, the Dividend on these Shares is non-cumulative. After that date it will become cumulative, and be payable half-yearly on March 1 and Sept. 1. The Preference Shares rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares, both as to Capital and Dividends, but do not participate in surplus assets.

The Debenture Stock will be secured by a Trust Deed which provides for a Mortgage of the Crown Lease of the Hotel and Shops to be granted as stated in the Prospectus, and a general floating charge on the Company's undertaking. The interest will be payable half-yearly, on Jan. 1 and July 1. The first payment will be made on July 1, 1905, and will represent interest on instalments to that date.

A sum of £40,000 will be set aside for payment of interest on the Debenture Stock during construction, as stated below.

A Capital Redemption Policy to replace the amount of the Debenture Stock and Preference Shares (amounting together to £1,100,000) at par, on the expiration of the Crown Lease in 1993, will be effected with the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE STOCKHOLDERS.

THE CITY SAFE DEPOSIT AND AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Directors.

G. M. CHAMBERLIN, Norwich (Director of the Norwich Union Fire and Life Insurance Societies), Chairman.

HERBERT BENNETT, Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W. (Director of Harrod's Stores, Limited; Chairman of the Hyde Park Hotel, Limited).

POLYDORE WEICHAND DE KEYSER, Royal Hotel, Victoria Embankment, E.C. (Chairman of De Keyser's Royal Hotel, Limited).

CECIL FANE DE SALIS, Dawley Court, Uxbridge, Esquire.

Bankers. — LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, Limited, 41, Lothbury, E.C., and Branches.

Brokers.

FOSTER and BRAITHWAITE, 27, Austin Friars, E.C.

FIELDING, SON, and MACLEOD, 2, Cophall Buildings, E.C.

Solicitors. — ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP, and CO., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.

Auditors.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE, and CO., 3, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C.

WOODTHORPE, BEVAN, and CO., Leadenhall Buildings, E.C.

Secretary. — J. L. SYMON, F.C.I.S.

Registered Office. — 120, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

The Prospectus gives, amongst others, the following particulars—
The Company has been formed to acquire the various leasehold interests in the block of property lying between Piccadilly and Regent Street, at present occupied by St. James's Hall,

The site is, of course, unique, with a large frontage to Regent Street, Air Street, and Piccadilly; and, in these days of gigantic hotels, no position in London could have been selected with so many advantages, for the erection of the latest and the most up-to-date of the half-dozen huge establishments, which will make London the best-provided capital in Europe.

Saturday, Jan. 28, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROMANY.—(1) See our Notes on South-and Central American securities. There is very little in the figures to encourage purchase, and no dividend can be expected on the shares this year. (2) We know of better. (3) They appear to us to be above their true value. The appreciation of the last few months has certainly been carried far enough.

H. C.—Your letter was fully answered on the 27th inst.

WIDOW.—Neither of your Industrials looks promising. It is very difficult to advise, but we do not expect you will get a dividend in either case this year.

OPENSHAW.—Bank of Egypt shares are a good purchase.

St. James's Restaurant, and other business establishments; and on this magnificent site to erect an Hotel and Restaurant, with Shops on the ground floor, fronting to Piccadilly, Regent Street, Air Street, and Piccadilly Place.

The site, which has an area of 34,024 square feet, with frontages of 187 feet to Piccadilly and 196 feet to Regent Street, is Crown property, and on completion of the buildings the Crown will grant a new lease of the premises for 99 years from Oct. 10, 1903, at a ground rent of £8,500 per annum. The Crown has made it a condition of the grant that the frontage to Piccadilly shall be set back so as to widen that thoroughfare to 80 feet.

The Crown Lease when granted will be mortgaged to the Trustees to secure the Debenture Stock. In the meantime, the title-deeds of the various properties acquired will be deposited with the Trustees, to be held by them until required to be surrendered to the Crown in accordance with the provisions of the Crown Agreement.

Upwards of half a million sterling has been expended in acquiring the site, and when the Hotel and Shops are erected, and the Hotel equipped, an actual cash expenditure of more than One Million Pounds will have been made.

The proceeds of the present issue of Debenture Stock and Preference Shares (the whole of which has been underwritten) will provide, after payment of the cash portion of the purchase consideration, a sum of £330,000, which the Directors are advised will be ample to erect the Hotel and Shops. The 30,000 Preference Shares remaining unissued will be available for equipping and furnishing the Hotel and for working capital. It is anticipated that the Shops will be completed in about eighteen months, and the entire building within two years from the commencement of the work.

Mr. Robert Vigers has made a Report in which he states that the fair market value of the lease of the property when the buildings are completed, exclusive of trade or goodwill or furniture and fittings, will be £1,045,000.

Messrs. May and Rowden, of 39, Maddox Street, W., have made a Report in which they state that the rental value of the shops will be £31,500.

As regards the profits to be derived from the Hotel and Restaurant, Messrs. Herbert Bennett and P. W. De Keyser, two of the Directors, who have special experience of hotels, have made a Report in which they estimate such profits at £60,000.

The security for the Debenture Stock upon the completion of the Buildings will be—

Crown Lease for ninety years of the properties comprising the Piccadilly Hotel and Shops in Regent Street, Piccadilly, Air Street, and Piccadilly Place, as

specified and valued by Mr. Robert Vigers in his Report herein at £1,046,000

Furniture, Fixtures, Stock, Machinery, and Effects of the Hotel, and Cash Working Capital, about 150,000

Total, exclusive of Goodwill £1,196,000

Upon the basis of the above estimates, the annual profits of the Company will be as follows—

Rentals of 27 shops in Regent Street, Air Street, Piccadilly, and Piccadilly Place, as per Report of Messrs. May and Rowden £31,500

Profits of the Piccadilly Hotel, as per Report of Messrs. Bennett and De Keyser 60,000

Required to pay—Ground Rent of the entire site 8,500

Four and a half per Cent. Interest on £700,000 First Mortgage 31,500

Annual Charge for Redemption of Debenture Stock and Preference Shares on July 1, 1993, say 2,400

42,400

Balance available for Depreciation, Administration Expenses, and Dividend on Preference and Ordinary Shares £49,100

The P. and R. Syndicate (1904), Limited, or its predecessor, the P. and R. Syndicate, Limited, which was registered in April 1902, has acquired the Crown Leases of the various properties constituting the site and (with a few unimportant exceptions which are still the subject of negotiation) all other interests. An Agreement has also been concluded with the Crown for the grant, on completion of the new building at a cost of not less than £200,000, of the new lease referred to above.

The P. and R. Syndicate (1904), Limited, has agreed to transfer to the Company all its interests in the property, including the benefit of the Crown Agreement, to provide a sum of £40,000 in cash, to be applied in payment of interest on Debenture Stock, and to pay the expenses of and incidental to the formation of the Company and the issue and subscription of the Debenture Stock and Preference Shares now offered, in consideration of £400,000 in cash and the allotment as fully paid of 24,000 Preference Shares and of the whole of the Ordinary Shares of the Company, after deducting those required for the Directors' qualifications. Nothing is payable for goodwill.

This notice is not issued for the purpose of inviting subscriptions, but by way of information only, and no applications will be entertained unless the same are made on the footing of and with reference to the Prospectus, copies of which can be obtained at the offices of the Company, 120, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., or from the Brokers, Messrs. Foster and Braithwaite, 27, Austin Friars, E.C., and Messrs. Fielding, Son, and Macleod, 2, Cophall Buildings, E.C., or at the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, 41, Lothbury, E.C., and Branches.